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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 544.—Vol. XXI.

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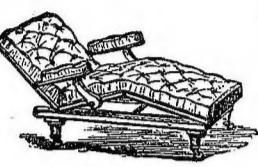
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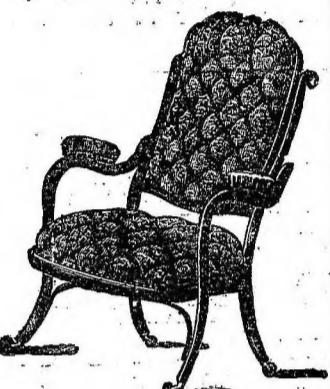
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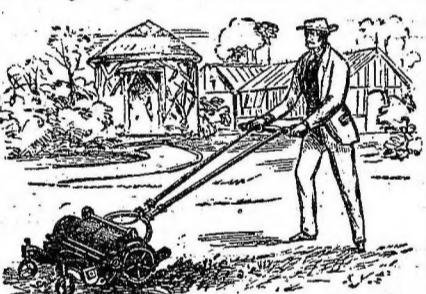
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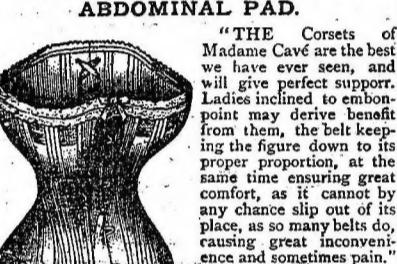
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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1880

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EARL GRANVILLE

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EARL GRANVILLE, K.G., THE NEW FOREIGN MINISTER  
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY D. LAUGÉE



**ONCE MORE IN OFFICE.**—Statesmen are a tough race, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that those politicians who reach the higher grades of the profession are the naturally selected specimens who survive the great demand made on their physical and intellectual powers. Gladstone and Disraeli have been the foremost figures of English politics for many a long year, they are both past threescore and ten, yet they are both (the former certainly) as "full of fight" as they ever were. Again, six years is a long spell in the career of middle-aged and elderly men, yet the members of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1874 are all still alive, and so, with the exception of Mr. Ward Hunt, are the members of the Ministry which succeeded them. So long as this persistent vitality exists, Her Majesty will run little risk of being surrounded, like King Rehoboam, by too many young men. In fact, Mr. Gladstone's list of Ministers makes one forget the lapse of time, for, with one or two exceptions, the same familiar names are there. The cast is, however, considerably altered, as the performers are in several instances playing different parts from those which they enacted in 1874. These alterations have caused a certain amount of surprise on the part of the public. Lord Hartington, who it was thought might be Premier, or at least Foreign Secretary, takes India, while Lord Northbrook, who, as regards India, seemed the square peg in the square hole, goes to the Admiralty, thus leaving Mr. Childers free to devote his attention to soldiers instead of to the "Queen's Navee." If, as Irish Secretary, Mr. Forster can win the goodwill of Paddy without forfeiting that of John Bull, he will accomplish a rare feat. Neither Lord Northbrook nor Sir William Harcourt can be regarded as new comers, for they were both in the last Liberal Ministry, though not in the Cabinet. Sir William Harcourt, if re-elected, will have one of the most trying posts in the new Cabinet, and he succeeds a man who has been a popular and, on the whole, an efficient Home Secretary, at all events up to the time of the Water Bill *fiasco*. Hitherto Sir William has shone as a critic, let us hope he will deserve equal approbation as an administrator. The appointment of Lord Ripon as Indian Viceroy will be regarded with interest. Lord Lytton was naturally too closely identified with the Indian policy of the retiring Government to serve under their successors. But, as regards the formation of the new Ministry, the share of power allotted to the Radicals will be regarded with the most lively interest. Considering the important services rendered by their adherents at the elections, they are not too liberally rewarded by the admission of Mr. Chamberlain, the only really "new man" in the Cabinet. Of course, he will be supported by the veteran Mr. Bright, and by Sir C. Dilke outside the charmed inner circle; still, it must be confessed that the complexion of the Cabinet is, on the whole, of the old Whig type, and the mass of the public will probably be content that it is so. As for Mr. Gladstone's dual office, it is quite true that till recently the two posts were held by one man, but Ministerial duties have become more onerous even since Sir Robert Peel's time, and when he held the two offices he was in the prime of life. We only hope that this brisk young septuagenarian is not attempting too much for his strength, for, although in some matters we may differ from him, we are all proud of him, and, after his long career of labour, he would be fully justified in setting his younger colleagues to do the lion's share of the work.

**IRELAND AND THE NEW GOVERNMENT.**—Very few Governments have had so good an opportunity of dealing with Irish grievances as that which has just assumed office. In Mr. Forster it will possess an admirable Irish Secretary, and the whole Liberal party is sincerely anxious to do what it can to allay popular discontent. There can be little doubt that the result will be the passing of excellent measures which have been too long delayed. The suffrage will be placed on a uniform basis in every part of the United Kingdom; perhaps a further attempt will be made to satisfy the prelates in regard to the higher education; and certainly considerable modifications will be introduced into the existing land laws. That such legislation as this will in the end have a good effect on "our brilliant brethren" may be admitted, but it is important that Englishmen should not form very high expectations. The truth is that the dissatisfaction of Ireland is far too deep to be speedily removed even by large and prudent remedies. It partly consists of a sentimental dislike of Englishmen which has been inherited from other times, and a sentimental dislike is one of those things that may evade the best of Parliaments. As for the demands of Ireland, they go far beyond anything that the most Radical Ministry would be prepared to concede. Mr. Bright's pet scheme for the creation of peasant proprietors has generally been denounced as extreme, but in reality it would, at the utmost, only improve the position of the higher class of small farmers. What the Irish agitators require is that by some means or other all the land of the country should become the property of petty cultivators, and how far they are prepared to go in the endeavour to bring about this result is shown in the Report published the other day in Dublin by the Land League. While objects of this kind are kept in view, there is

no chance of an Imperial Government putting an end to the evils which have hitherto hampered the material prosperity of Ireland.

**GERMANY AND HOLLAND.**—Experience has gradually shown that various enterprises can be most efficiently and economically conducted upon a large scale. The maxim applies to the arts of war as well as to the arts of peace. Thus we have bigger ships, bigger guns, bigger armies, than our forefathers ever had. But, to enjoy these luxuries properly, a tolerably large aggregation of human beings under one flag—in other words, a big nation—is required. Hence it is that small nations feel rather uneasy in the presence of this all-prevailing bigness. They regard their greater neighbours much as a shopkeeper regards the Co-operative Stores which overshadow his humble emporium. They are afraid of being swallowed up. As regards the little nations, their chief safety lies in the jealousies of the bigger Powers. If this international jealousy has sufficed to keep alive an alien dominion in South-Eastern Europe for more than two centuries after it began to decay, it is still more likely to preserve the independence of States whose inhabitants are in religion and race closely akin to their neighbours. We are led into this train of thought by a recent letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which indicates the uneasiness which has more or less prevailed among the people of Holland since the aggrandisement of Germany in 1871. It was during the Franco-German War, we remember, that an inquisitive newspaper correspondent sounded Prince Bismarck on this very subject. The Prince replied, "with his usual frankness," to quote a phrase regarding him which has become almost stereotyped, that the Germans only desired the unity of Germans, and that, as the Dutch were not Germans, his countrymen had no thought of meddling with them. This sounds reassuring, but we also remember that Prince Bismarck brusquely told the Alsacians and Lorrainers that he did not want *them*, he wanted their country. Now, a glance at the map will show that it is most natural for an ambitious German to covet that low-lying strip of land against which the North Sea leans, as Goldsmith has it. For a great Empire, Germany possesses a very unsatisfactory seaboard, consisting as it does of a shallow tract of water, of which the Danes keep the principal key. The idea, therefore, of the possible inclusion of Holland within the German Empire must often have been in Prince Bismarck's thoughts, especially when he has been dreaming of the seductive motto, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce." It is unlikely, however, that a nation with such a proud history as the Dutch would willingly merge their individuality in that of a Power which dates from but yesterday; while an attempt to use force would probably provoke a tremendous conflict.

**THE DECAY OF TURKEY.**—The Budget which has been presented to, and sanctioned by, the Sultan, is one of many evidences that his Empire is rapidly going to destruction. It shows a deficiency of three millions of Turkish pounds, yet it is known to present a far more favourable view of the financial situation than is warranted by the circumstances of the country. The revenue has been greatly overrated, and the expenditure still more underrated. This state of things is the direct result of wide-spread disorganisation. For a time there was some hope that the Porte would profit by the bitter experiences of the last few years, but it either cannot or will not improve. The members of the governing class seem to have no other object than the promotion of their personal interests, and the Sultan's sole idea of government is to defend himself by playing off his Ministers against each other. Obviously, nothing can prevent the ultimate overthrow of such a system as this, and the catastrophe may be much more sudden than is generally expected. Most Englishmen would be sincerely pleased if they could play the part of mere spectators in the development of so terrible a drama; but, unfortunately, this is impossible. Lord Granville would be as willing as Lord Salisbury to admit that England has vital interests in South-Eastern Europe, and we cannot doubt that in the last resort the new Government would be ready to defend them. It has, however, prepared dangers for itself by the loose way in which its leading members have for years been talking of the aspirations of the Balkan nationalities and the good intentions of Russia.

**REJECTED PICTURES.**—When the question of the representation of minorities was discussed some years ago, Mr. Disraeli pertinently observed that the true way for a minority to exercise influence was to become a majority. In like manner the painters of rejected pictures may be counselled to paint in such a fashion that their pictures shall not be rejected. That a picture is rejected by the Royal Academy does not prove that it is bad, but it does prove that in the opinion of the Hanging Committee they have a sufficiency of works which in their judgment are better fitted to fill the limited space at their command. These gentlemen have an invidious and difficult task to perform, and they meet with a good deal of abuse from disappointed persons. As they are fallible, like the rest of us, they probably sometimes make mistakes, but on the whole it may be taken for granted that their decisions are substantially just. A demand—or perhaps we ought to say a suggestion—has been lately put forth that those pictures which have been denied admission to Burlington House should at least be exhibited elsewhere. The

experiment has been tried in France, where the average of artistic ability is quite as high, probably higher, than it is in this country. Yet the public verdict of Paris was that the bulk of the works shown in the *Salon des Refusés* merited the exclusion which the directors of the real *Salon* had pronounced against them. And matters are not as they were in the days of our youth, when, besides the Royal Academy Exhibition, there were only one or two other associations of painters who showed their works publicly. There is a plethora of picture-shows at the present day, insomuch that a diligent Art critic can find something to write about all the year round. It is difficult, therefore, to regard with enthusiasm the offer that the Albert Hall should act as an "overflow" gallery to *Burlington House*. One effect of the change will be that more pictures than ever will be sent in for the inspection of the unfortunate *Hanging Committee*. Artists will argue, "If we can't get into Heaven" (that is, *Burlington House*) "we may at least have a chance of Paradise" (that is, the Albert Hall). To repeat the idea with which we began. Let mediocrity, if it desires public recognition, convert itself into excellence, and its desire will be speedily gratified.

**MR. GOSCHEN.**—The refusal of Mr. Goschen to join the new Ministry is one of the most interesting facts connected with the present political situation. In regard to most of the great questions of the day Mr. Goschen is in complete harmony with his party, but he differs from them respecting the proposed extension of the suffrage to the agricultural labourers. This has seemed to him a sufficient reason for declining the Presidency of the Board of Trade, an office for which he is eminently fitted, and in accepting which he would have had the approval of the whole country. It is difficult for politicians of Liberal sympathies to appreciate the force of his objections to a wider suffrage. We have not hitherto found that movement in a democratic direction has been attended by disastrous results. On the contrary, the inclusion of larger classes within the constituencies has led to vigorous and, on the whole, wise legislation; and it is highly improbable that agricultural labourers would make a worse use of political privileges than city artisans. Mr. Goschen, however, does not take this view, and it is greatly to his credit that he is willing to accept all the consequences of his independence. The tendency of statesmen in these days, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Lowe, is to submit quietly to what they consider the inevitable. It is a more manly course to give free expression to sincere convictions, no matter how offensive they may be to the majority. In resolving to act on this principle Mr. Goschen follows the best traditions of British politics, and will have the esteem of the most intelligent men of all parties.

**SOCIAL WAIFS.**—A correspondent of one of the newspapers suggests this week that "the coming Government would do well to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question of the pauper training, housing, and education of the young." We suspect there is not much likelihood of this excellent suggestion being adopted. The question is not at all "sensational," and in these days subjects of which this can be said are apt to be overlooked. It is, however, a problem of genuine and growing importance, and any statesman might deem it an honour to have the opportunity of solving it. There are multitudes of unfortunate children who are absolutely dependent on the State, and who have inherited from many generations of pauper or vicious ancestors constitutions which are both physically and mentally below the average level. At present these poor creatures are for the most part huddled together in large district schools without being properly classified, and the results are as unsatisfactory as might be anticipated. Better this, of course, than no system at all; but there is no good reason why the energy which is now expended should not be far more wisely organised. In the mean-time it is not too much to ask that Boards of Guardians should devote more attention than they have hitherto given to the plan of boarding out pauper children. Advocates of this scheme sometimes do harm by overstating its advantages. But a child who is boarded with a respectable peasant family, and looked after by a kind-hearted voluntary inspector, is certainly more likely to be healthy and happy than one who forms part of a great company and receives little individual notice. The system has worked extremely well in Scotland, and the chances are that it would be equally successful at least in some parts of England.

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**THE GENERAL ELECTION.**—This week is published, as an EXTRA GRATIS SUPPLEMENT, an ELECTORAL MAP of the UNITED KINGDOM, printed in Colours, and showing the POLITICS of the various CANDIDATES at the GENERAL ELECTION, with the NUMBER OF VOTES polled for each.—Owing to the great demand for the Election Map we are compelled this week to go to press 24 hours earlier than usual. This accounts for the omission of various items of interest.



**L**YCEUM.—MERCHANT OF VENICE (166th Time) Every Evening, at 8.15. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances Saturdays, April 24 and May 1 and 8, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open to 5.

**NEW SADLER'S WELLS.**—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have—under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McGee (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Lingham, E. Holland, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and E. Marple. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

**HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.** ENTRIES CLOSE MAY 17. SHOW OPEN MAY 29TH, 31ST.

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Prize Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, AGRICULTURAL HALL (By Order) S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager. COMPANY (Limited).

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT** AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. CASTLE BOTHEREM, by Arthur Law; music by Hamilton Clarke. Concluding with THREE FLATS, by Arthur A. Beckett; music by Edouard Marlois. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

**DORES GREAT WORKS,** "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

**SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES** by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION** of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is now OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH AND SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, One Shilling, and Catalogue.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.** The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

**GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION** now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Tickets, 5s.

**HANOVER GALLERY,** 47, New Bond Street (Entrance from Maddox Street), NOW OPEN. Hans Makart's Great Pictures—Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp; The Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria; and other Pictures by Eminent French Artists. Admission 1s. Descriptive Catalogue, 6d.

**SAVOY HOUSE—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS** by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION** now OPEN, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALERIES, Pall Mall East, from 9 to 6 daily. Admission, 1s. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

**MADAME DAX DALTON,** the celebrated prima donna, from the principal theatres of Europe, has arrived in London for the season, and is open to ENGAGEMENTS for private and public concerts, &c. For terms apply to the Manager of "La Posta di Londra," Furnival's Inn, London, who will undertake to engage by order also other celebrated opera singers and musical conductors.

**CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.** Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists. Every Evening at 8.0. Miss Nelly Power, Messrs. G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, The Brothers Dare, &c. Grand Ballet Divertissement from THE PERU OF PERU, at 9. M. Dewinne. Mdle. Alice Holt, Aguzzi, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet. Snowball Ballet at 10.15. Prices 6d to 4/- 2s.

**CANTERBURY.**—Every Evening, Great Success of the Grand Spectacular Snowball Ballet. Novel Effects. Received with immense applause. Arranged by M. Dewinne. Premiere Danseuse, Mdle. Ada, supported by Mdles. Broughton, Powell, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.



#### EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

The Right Hon. Granville George Leveson-Gower, K.G., eldest son of the first Earl, was born May 11, 1815, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1834. The year after he became attaché to the Embassy at Paris, and subsequently sat for Morpeth and Lichfield, until, in 1846, he succeeded to the peerage. As far back as forty years ago he was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in 1848 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in 1853 he was appointed President of the Council, and in 1855 undertook the Ministerial leadership in the House of Lords. In 1856 he represented this country at the Czar's coronation in St. Petersburg. In 1859 he was appointed President of the Council in Lord Palmerston's second Administration, retiring when Lord Russell fell in 1866. In 1868, under Mr. Gladstone, he became Colonial Secretary; and in 1870, on the death of Lord Clarendon, Foreign Secretary. During the reign of the Conservatives, he led the Liberal party in the House of Lords; and now, when Liberalism is again in the ascendant, he once more becomes Foreign Secretary.

Lord Granville probably knows as much, if not more, of the ramifications of foreign politics as any man in England, and sensible and moderate men will not fear that the honour of the country will be compromised in his hands, though, without doubt, a different tone will prevail regarding the Eastern Question, otherwise the attacks on the foreign policy of the late Ministry would be meaningless. Hitherto Lord Granville has not attained the highest object of a British statesman's ambition, though in 1858, when he failed in his attempt to form a Ministry, he was very near that giddy eminence. There can be no doubt that his early banishment to the Peers has hindered his advancement. Had he had the luck, like Lord Palmerston, to be only an Irish Peer, his talents and honesty would have won for him in the popular House far wider recognition.

#### THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR

The marriage of the Princess Frederica, daughter of the late King of Hanover and great granddaughter of King George III., with Baron von Pawel Rammingen took place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle on Saturday. Although, officially speaking, the ceremony was of a private nature, a very large number of Royal and other guests were present, and amongst them Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and

Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. At the station Royal carriages were in waiting to convey the guests to the Castle, where they were at once conducted to the chapel, where shortly afterwards the bridegroom, supported by Prince Leopold, took his place by the altar. After all the guests had assembled, the Queen and the Princess Frederica entered, Her Majesty taking her seat upon a low stool placed between the reading desk and the altar. Her Majesty wore black silk, with a diamond crown: while the bride was attired in the orthodox white satin, with orange blossoms in her hair; her six bridesmaids (Countess Feodora Gleichen, Lady Muriel Hay, Lady Mary Ashburnham, Lady Victoria Spencer, Lady Alberta Edgcumbe, and Lady Florence Bridgeman) wearing wreaths of yellow flowers in their hair, yellow being the Hanoverian colour. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Oxford, assisted by the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty gave away the bride, while Prince Leopold acted as best man to the bridegroom. After the ceremony the Royal party went to the Green Drawing Room, where the register was signed by Her Majesty and numerous other witnesses; and then Her Majesty and the Royal Family lunched in the White Drawing Room, the other guests being served in the Waterloo Chamber. Shortly after five the bride and bridegroom left the Castle, and drove to Claremont.

The Princess Frederica is the daughter of the late King George of Hanover, the only child of the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, who on the Queen's accession succeeded to the throne of Hanover, Her Majesty being debarred by virtue of the Salic Law. The Princess is the eldest daughter of the late King, and was born on January 9, 1848, at Hanover. The Princess, from her kindness and gentle disposition, was a universal favourite at the Hanoverian Court, and indeed amongst the more humble classes, for she always took great personal interest in deeds of charity. In 1866, when the battle of Langensalza sealed the fate of the kingdom of Hanover, and King George was compelled to take refuge in Austria, the Princess was sent for by her father to join him, and thenceforward became his right hand, or rather, as he himself termed her, "his eyes," King George being absolutely blind. The Princess fulfilled all the duties of a secretary and amanuensis throughout her father's lifetime, and accompanied him on his visit to England in the summer of 1876. It was thus employed that the Princess became acquainted with the Baron von Pawel Rammingen, who in 1870 became adjutant to King George. The King took a great fancy to the young Baron, and subsequently promoted him to be Hof-Marschall of the little Court. In the course of years, being thrown a great deal into one another's company while attending to the wants and needs of the blind Monarch, a mutual love appears to have sprung up between the young couple, and after the death of the King in 1878, notwithstanding much opposition from her relatives, who appear to have been somewhat scandalised at what they considered a *mésalliance*, the Baron not being of Royal blood, the Princess determined to bestow her hand upon one who had so faithfully served her father in exile. That Her Majesty approved this resolution is manifest by the ceremony taking place at Windsor; and indeed the Queen's consent, according to the terms of the Royal Marriage Act of George II., was necessary before the marriage could take place. Although, as we have said, the Baron von Pawel Rammingen is not of Royal blood, his family are an old race of patricians and nobles. In Brunswick, as long ago as 1253, states a writer in the *Queen*, a Pawel appears as a Town Councillor; while in the sixteenth century one Uller Pawel, from whom the Baron more immediately descends, was Burgomaster of Brunswick. Subsequently, in 1575, the Pawels were knighted, and one branch which settled at Coburg made Barons of the German Empire. The present Baron was born in 1843 at Coburg, where his father was Privy Councillor to the reigning Duke.—Our portrait of the Baron is from a photograph by Byrne and Co., Hill Street, Richmond; and that of the Baroness from a photograph taken in Gmunden. In this she is represented in mourning for King George.

#### THE ANTI-CHINESE AGITATION IN SAN FRANCISCO

The Chinese have for long been a source of difficulty in California. They are not merely aliens in race, creed, and colour, they are not genuine colonists. They do not bring their wives and children with them, some of the leading mandarins excepted, as their steadfast purpose is, when they have made their modest "pile," to return home to the Flowery Land. Moreover, they have other peculiarities which are especially objectionable to men of European lineage. Now, if all the white folks in California were agreed in thinking the Chinese detestable, the trouble would cease, as the Celestials would speedily be bundled out of the State, bag and baggage. But employers of labour, and indeed the well-to-do classes generally, approve of Chinese immigration. John Chinaman is quiet, sober, and obliging, he makes an excellent domestic servant, he is a dexterous cleaner of soiled linen, he catches fish, and he grows vegetables. For these virtues, far more than for his alleged immoralities, he is hated by the white working classes, especially by the Irish. "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour," say they; and, like Mr. William Nye, they "go" for the Heathen Chinee with a vengeance.

San Francisco has been convulsed by these feuds, which practically amount to a veiled civil war between the plug-hats (aristocracy) and the white proletariat (if we may venture to apply such a word to the American working man). Our engraving (which is from a sketch by Mr. J. Reed Dickinson) represents a night-scene in the Sandlots, the favourite resort of Dennis Kearney, the agitator, who has since been committed to prison. The lanterns carried in the procession bore inflammatory mottoes, such as "Down with the *Chronicle!*" This was the newspaper most antagonistic to the working men. Its editor, De Young, who attempted Mayor Kalloch's life last autumn, was shot dead on the 23rd inst. by Kalloch's son. Impartial persons maintain that Kearney has done a great deal of good, and that the violence of his language is in some measure justified by the corruption, bribery, and theft which prevail in official circles, and which he has determined to expose. There is also a leading female agitator, a Mrs. Smith. The men who gathered at the Sandlots meeting were, says our artist, of respectable appearance, and not at all like the sort of men who would burn houses or create a riot.

#### THE CAMEL'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

During the Afghan war, numbers of camels have perished from hard work, cold, and scanty food. When one of these animals dies, three or four of its brethren are harnessed to it, and it is dragged a couple of miles or so away from the limits of the cantonment, and there left. As soon as night falls a pack of jackals come to feast on the body, while in the daytime it is attacked by an army of vultures, crows, ravens, and minahs. Very soon the poor animal is reduced to skin and bone, and finally the flies and ants carry off everything except the skeleton. These creatures are Nature's Board of Health, as they clear off what would otherwise breed a pestilence.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. R. Martin, Adjutant of the 5th Goorkhas, which forms part of the force under General Sir F. Roberts, now stationed at Cabul.

#### NOTES AT CABUL

OUR engravings are from sketches by Lieutenant J. Burn Murdoch, R.E., and represent various features of Cabul and its surroundings. As in all cities of the East the bazaars, of which Cabul possesses four, form the chief resort of the inhabitants, and their narrow highways are thronged with crowds of traders from India and the less civilised merchants from the North-west. The

bazaar in our sketch is the Char Chawk, which is the western end of the principal bazaar, and is so named from its four covered arcades. The construction of this bazaar is attributed to Ali Mirdan Khan of the time of Shah Jehan, to whom are attributed nearly all the architectural buildings of Afghanistan. The second sketch depicts a road leading from the city of Cabul to Takht-i-Shah, or Hill of the King's Throne, situated to the south, and so called from the Bala Hissar being built on the side of the hill, and a small bridge across the little river which waters the plain in which Cabul stands. The sketch gives a good idea of the beauty and grandeur of the mountain ranges under whose shadow the city lies; and this is also shown in Sketch 3, which represents the Cabul and the Dehmuzang gorge and another point of view of the Cabul river, which flows through this gorge before entering the city. In the fourth sketch is shown the Bala Hissar (High Citadel), where the Ameer's palace was situated, and which, strongly fortified, commands the whole city—being, in fact, a town within a town, and containing 5,000 inhabitants for its own share of the 60,000 citizens of Cabul. A portion of the city of Cabul is also shown in the same sketch, with Dost Mahomed's tomb and part of Deh Afghan in the foreground. These sketches were taken in February, when the snow still lay on the heights.

#### MONUMENT TO PRINCESS HOHENLOHE

#### A BABY ELEPHANT

AND

#### ANTIQUITIES IN THE ISLES OF ARAN

See page 452

#### THE ELECTION MAP

VERY little need be said about this Map, which explains, or ought to explain, itself. Blue denotes Conservatism, pink Liberalism, and purple Home Rule tendencies. It used to be said of France some years ago that the north was Orleanist, the east Bonapartist, the west Legitimist, and the south Republican; and in like manner in the United Kingdom politics are evidently affected by geographical conditions. In the south-eastern counties of England, and even in the boroughs of the same districts, the metropolis excepted, Conservatism still preponderates, but in Northern and Central England there are large islands of pink among the blue of the counties, and the boroughs show an almost uniformly rosy tint. Lancashire, which was strongly Conservative in 1874, has now in large measure reverted to its ancient opinions. Wales, that stronghold of Nonconformity, is, as of yore, almost entirely pink. In Scotland, Conservatism makes a very poor show, Ayr, Wigton, Inverness, Dumbarton, and Haddington being the only blue oases in the pink desert, and there is not one blue borough. In Ireland, the ominous purple hue, till of late unknown to British politics, almost overspreads the southern three-fourths of the island, while in sturdy Scoto-Irish Ulster purple and blue are pretty evenly distributed.

#### "LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL by Miss Amelia B. Edwards is continued on page 453.

#### RODEO, OR GATHERING IN OF THE ANIMALS

In the autumn months, on all the haciendas or estates in Chili, the owner orders a general call to be made to all the *employés*, as well as the *inquilinos* (persons who receive a certain amount of ground, grain, and vegetables as seed, and raise what they desire, and for that they give three days of every week in labour to the owner of the land), and they go out, and up into the highest mountains, and down into the valleys, and drive in all the cattle that they can find (many of them are wild), and force them below to large corrals or enclosures, which are located in central parts of the estate. After the animals are all down, then commences the work of sorting out the different ones, first for marking, which they do under the orders of the *capitaz*, who is a sort of supreme overseer of all the labourers. He tells two or three of the *huasos* (horsemen) to pick out a certain animal, which they do, and as they drive it out (if a cow), the calf follows it, which they then catch and mark with the same brand as that of the mother. They are then driven into different enclosures, according as they are destined for fattening, killing, or breeding purposes. These gatherings generally last from five to eight days, and are looked upon as a sort of feast or fair: for in booths, constructed from the limbs of trees, live the families of the natives, and when the labour of the day is over, they spend their leisure in drinking and singing.

Our engraving is from a photograph by Diaz and Spencer, Chili.

#### NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

II.

ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Esq., M.P. for Eye (Conservative), was born in 1849, educated at Oxford, and is a barrister of the Inner Temple. He is an Inspector of Schools under the Committee of the Council of Education. He spent a good deal of his time in the East of Europe during the late crisis, and is the author of a work on the Russo-Turkish War, which has gone through five editions.

CAPTAIN JOHN EVANS FREKE AYLMER, M.P. for Maidstone (Conservative), is the eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Percy Aylmer, of Cork. He was born in 1838, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was formerly in the army, and a member of the Government Small Arms Committee. He retired from the service about ten years ago, and has since interested himself in mines and railways. He is Chairman of the Sevenoaks, Maidstone, and Tunbridge Railway, and a Director of the Royal Exchange Bank.

HENRY ROBERT BRAND, Esq., M.P. for Stroud (Liberal), is the eldest son of the Right Hon. H. Brand, Speaker of the House of Commons. He was born in 1841, educated at Rugby, and served in the Coldstream Guards from 1858 to 1865. From 1868 to 1874 he sat for Hertfordshire; in May, 1874, he unsuccessfully contested Stroud; and in July of the same year he was returned for that borough, but was unseated on petition in the following December.

WILLIAM CODDINGTON, Esq., M.P. for Blackburn (Conservative), is the eldest son of the late W. D. Coddington, of Blackburn. He was born in 1830, is a Magistrate for the county of Leicester, and belongs to a family largely interested in manufactures.

CYRIL FLOWER, Esq., M.P. for Brecknock (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. P. W. Flower, of Streatham, Surrey. He was born in 1843, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1870, and is in practice as a special pleader. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant of the City of London, and a lieutenant in the Royal Bucks Yeomanry. His wife is a daughter of the late Sir Anthony Rothschild.

ROBERT NICHOLAS FOWLER, Esq., M.P. for the City of London (Conservative), is the only son of the late Mr. T. Fowler, of Gastard House, near Chippenham, Wilts. He was born in 1828; educated at University College, London, of which he is a Fellow; and is a partner in the banking house of Dimsdale, Fowler, and Co., Cornhill. He is an Alderman and Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London; a member of the Senate of the London University; and a Magistrate for the City of London and the counties of Middlesex and Wilts. He sat in Parliament for Penrhyn and Falmouth from 1868 to 1874.

JOSEPH ALFRED HARDCastle, Esq., M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. A. Hardcastle, of New Cross, Surrey. He was born in 1815, educated at

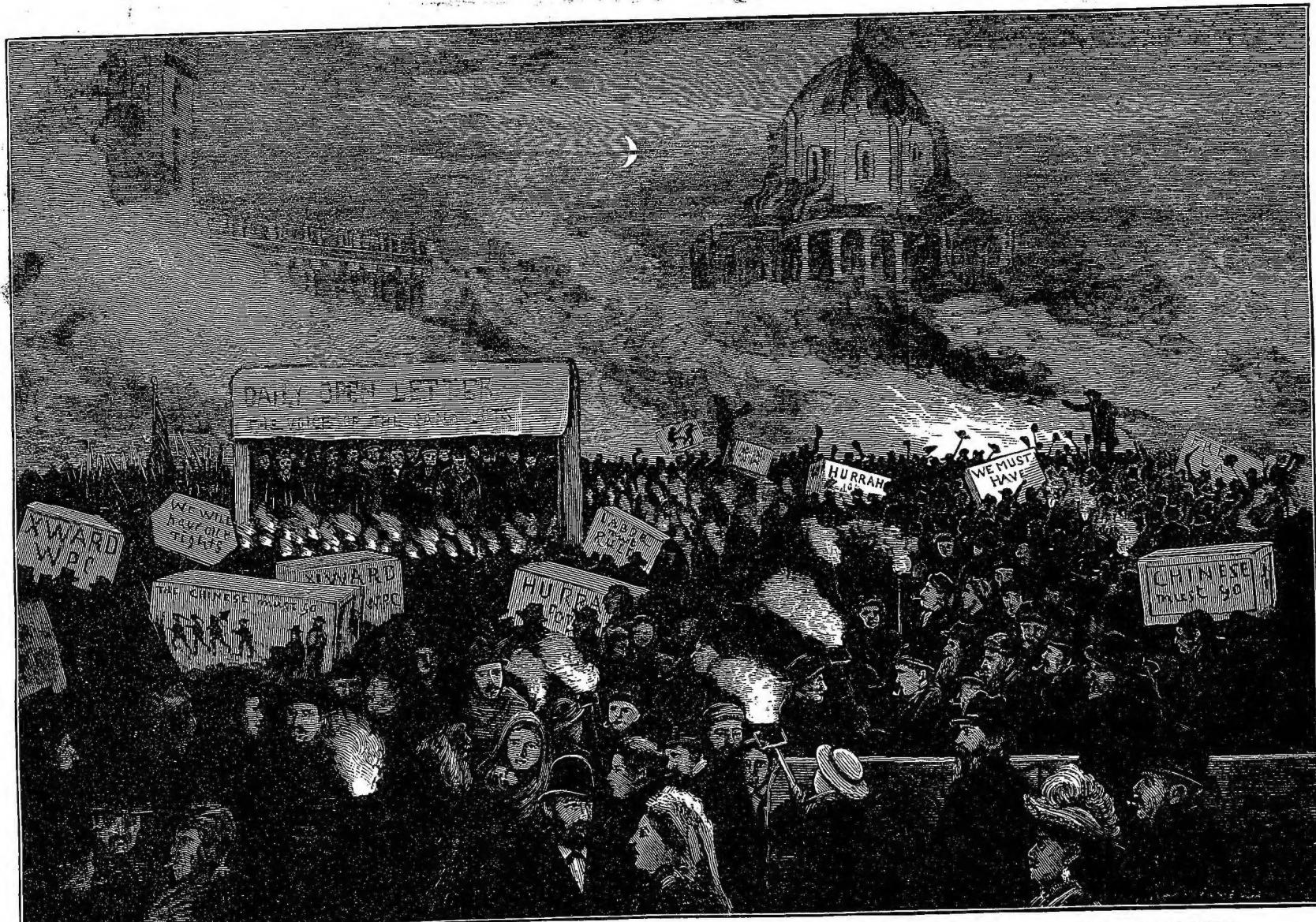


H.R.H. BARONESS VON PAWEL RAMMINGEN  
(PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER AND PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND)

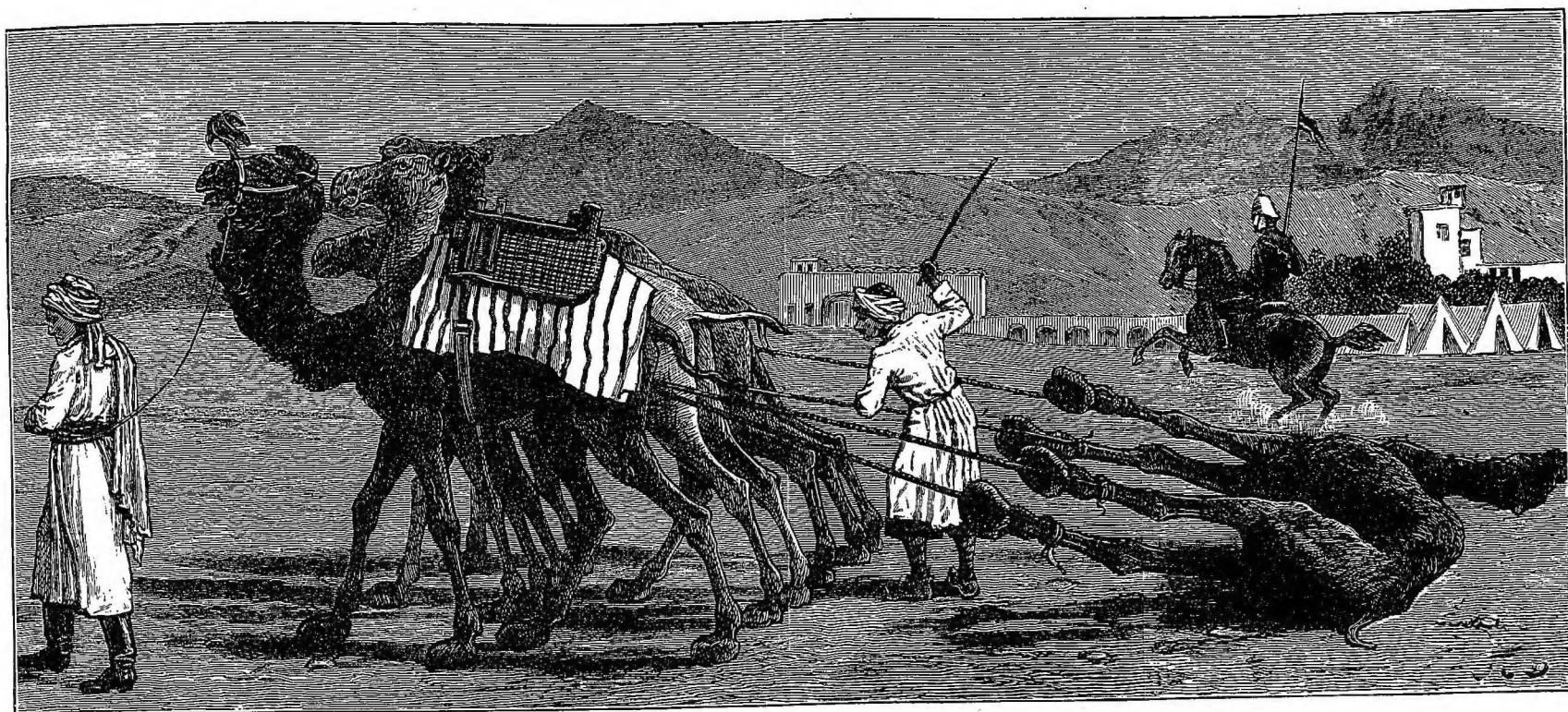
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR



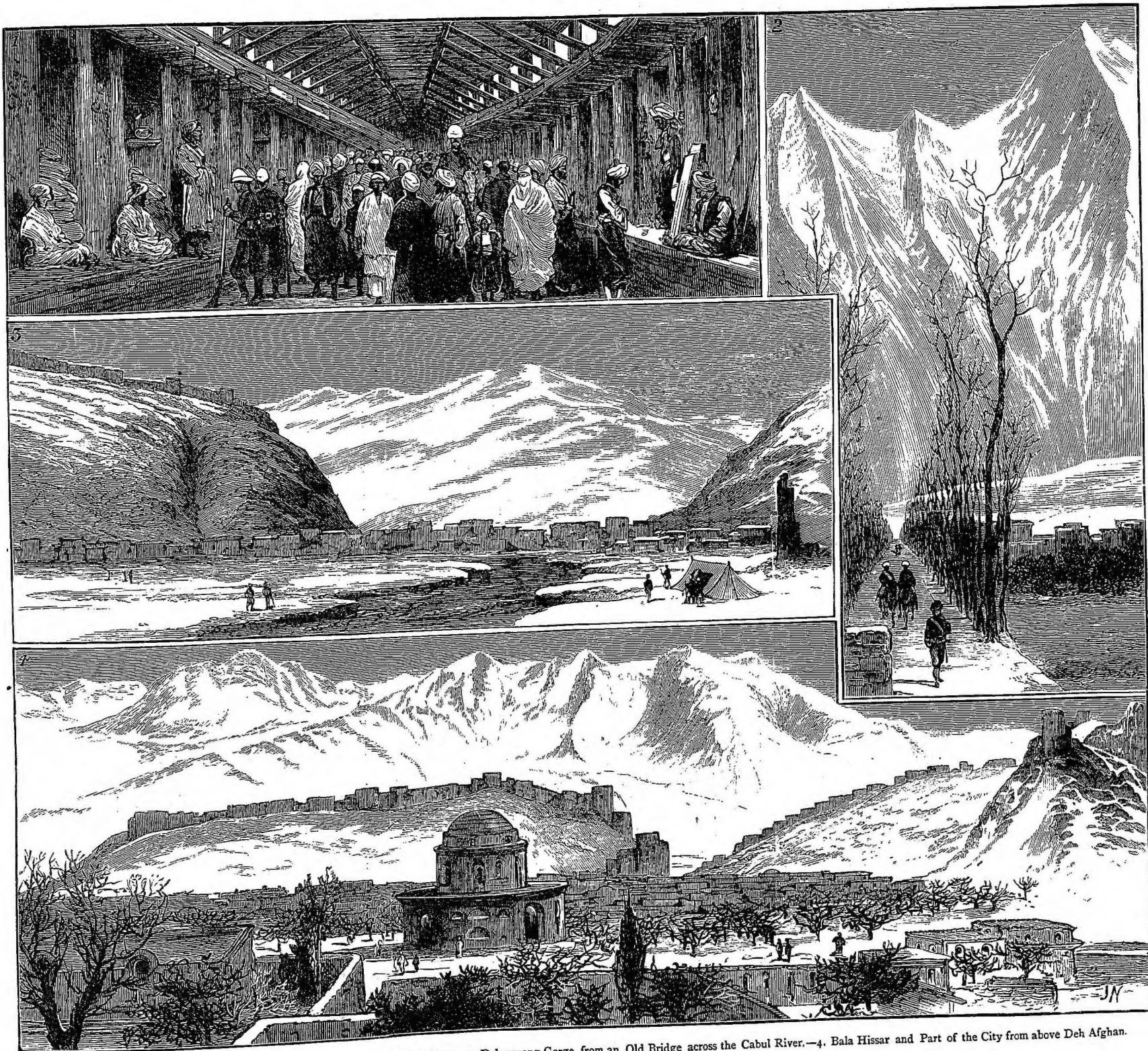
BARON VON PAWEL RAMMINGEN



THE LABOUR QUESTION IN SAN FRANCISCO — AN ANTI-CHINESE DEMONSTRATION ON THE SANDLOTS



A CAMEL'S FUNERAL PROCESSION



1. Part of Char Chawk Bazaar.—2. Takht-i-Shah, Kabul Road, from Kabul Bridge.—3. Dehmuzang Gorge, from an Old Bridge across the Kabul River.—4. Bala Hissar and Part of the City from above Deh Afghan.

NOTES AT CABUL

THE CAMPAIGN IN AFGHANISTAN

Cambridge, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1841. He represented Colchester from 1847 to 1852, and Bury St. Edmunds from 1857 to 1874. He has been twice married.

EDWARD HENEAGE, Esq., M.P. for Great Grimsby (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. G. F. Heneage, M.P. He was born in 1840, educated at Eton, and for some time held a commission in the 1st Life Guards. He is a Magistrate, Deputy-Lieutenant, and High Sheriff for the county of Lincoln, and was one of the members for the city of Lincoln from 1865 till 1868. Mr. Heneage married in 1864 Lady Eleanor Cecilia Hare, a sister of the Earl of Listowel.

ALFRED ILLINGWORTH, Esq., M.P. for Bradford (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. D. Illingworth, of Bradford, where he was born in 1826. He was educated at Huddersfield College, and is in business as a cotton spinner at Bradford, and chairman of the local Liberal Three Hundred. He represented Knaresborough from 1868 to 1874.

ROGER LEIGH, Esq., M.P. for Rochester (Conservative), is the adopted son of the late Sir Robert Holt Leigh, of Barham Court, near Maidstone. He was born in 1840, graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is a county Magistrate for both Kent and Lancaster.

JOHN WILLIAM MELLOR, Esq., M.P. for Grantham (Liberal), is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir J. Mellor, many years a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench. He was born in 1835, educated at Cambridge, and in 1860 called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, of which Inn he was elected a Bencher in 1877, having some two years previously been made a Q.C. He is a Magistrate for Somersetshire, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Grantham at the General Election of 1874.

CHARLES JAMES MURRAY, Esq., M.P. for Hastings (Conservative), is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir C. A. Murray, K.C.B., and grandson of the fifth Earl of Dummore. He was born in 1851, educated at Eton, and joined the Diplomatic Service in 1872. He served some months in the Foreign Office, was for two years *Attaché* at Rome, and was subsequently appointed Third Secretary to Her Majesty's Embassy at St. Petersburg. He retired from the service in 1876, having in the previous year married Lady Anne, only daughter of Heneage Finch, sixth Earl of Aylesford.

LORD JOHN WILLIAM MAULE RAMSAY, M.P. for Liverpool (Liberal), is the eldest surviving son of the twelfth Earl of Dalhousie, Admiral and C.B. He was born in 1847, educated at Oxford, entered the Royal Navy in 1867, and was promoted to be Commander in 1874. Having been for some years Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, he was nominated an Extra Equerry in 1876. Lord Ramsay was the very first new member returned for the present Parliament. His unsuccessful contest in February last against Mr. Whitley will be fresh in the memory of all.

JAMES RANKIN, Esq., M.P. for Leominster (Conservative), is the only son of the late Robert Rankin, of Bromborough Hall, Cheshire. He was born in 1842, educated at Cambridge, is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Herefordshire, and High Steward of Hereford; and was High Steward for the county in 1873.

THE HON. EDWARD LYULPH STANLEY, M.P. for Oldham (Liberal), is the third son of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley. He was born in 1839, educated at Eton and Oxford, called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1865, and joined the Northern Circuit. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Oldham in 1872, and again at the General Election of 1874.

SIR HENRY WHATLEY TYLER, M.P. for Harwich (Conservative), is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. Chatfield Tyler. He was born in 1827; educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; entered the Army in 1853, and left it 1867. He was for many years Inspector of Railways under the Board of Trade, and on his retirement from office in 1877 he received the honour of Knighthood. He is now President of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, Chairman of the Rhymney Iron Company, and Deputy-Chairman of the National Insurance Company.

Our portraits are from photographs—Lord Ramsay, Sir H. W. Tyler, and Mr. C. Flower, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the Hon. E. L. Stanley and Mr. Rankin, by A. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly, W.; Mr. Mellor by the London School of Photography, 174, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Alderman Fowler by Dickenson Brothers, 114, New Bond Street, W.; Mr. Brand by the "Van der Weyde" Light Company, 182, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Heneage by C. G. Sinclair, 264, Victoria Street South, Grimsby; Mr. Murray by Horrex and Bird, Hastings; Mr. Hardcastle by J. W. Clark, Bury St. Edmunds; Mr. Illingworth by H. J. Whitlock, 11, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. Coddington by J. Frankland, Blackburn; Mr. Leigh by L. Subercase, 33, Rue Bayard, Pau; Captain Aylmer by Walery, Rue de Londres, Paris; and Mr. Bartlett by R. Ferretti, 23, Chiaramone Street, Naples.



THE NEW CABINET.—After the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield, the Queen sent first for Lord Hartington, who on his return to town conferred with Earl Granville, who subsequently went with him to Windsor. The result of this second interview with Her Majesty was that Mr. Gladstone was ultimately sent for. He not only accepted the task of forming and leading the new Ministry, but has saddled himself with the additional labour of the Exchequer. The construction of the Cabinet so far as it has gone is as follows:—Earl Granville goes to the Foreign Office; Lord Hartington becomes Secretary of State for India; the Earl of Kimberley for the Colonies; Mr. Childers for War; Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Forster, Irish Secretary; Lord Selborne, Lord Chancellor; and Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary; whilst Earl Spencer is made Lord President of the Council; the Duke of Argyll Lord Privy Seal; and Mr. Bright Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The new Premier and the Foreign Secretary went to Windsor on Monday, and kissed hands on their appointment. The construction of the Cabinet has been, it is whispered, somewhat delayed by discussions as to the claim of the Radical element to be represented in it; and it is said that Mr. Chamberlain will be added to the Cabinet; whilst Sir Charles Dilke takes office as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. The Earl of Beaconsfield had an audience with the Queen at Windsor on Tuesday, when he delivered up his seals of office; and on Wednesday Her Majesty held two Councils, at the first of which the outgoing Ministers gave up their seals, which at the second were handed to their successors; those who were not already Privy Councillors being sworn in as such. The number of offices at the disposal of the Premier is said to be ninety-two, and the aggregate of the salaries attached to them amounts to £168,966. a year.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT was to meet on Thursday, but only to conduct the formal business of electing the Speaker in the Lower Chamber, and the swearing in of the new members, after which the writs would be issued for the seats vacated by such members of the House of Commons as have taken office, and both Houses would adjourn until the elections are over. The 20th instant is, therefore, the earliest date on which the Queen's Speech can be read, so that, allowing for the Whitsuntide recess, the coming Session must necessarily be of the shortest.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH before leaving Dublin received an address from the Town Council, which had been adopted at a meeting of that body on Monday, after a somewhat ungracious debate, during which the Lord Mayor remarked that, though on a certain occasion the Lord-Lieutenant had acted foolishly, they should let him depart in peace, and declared that the address was a mere act of official courtesy, having no political significance whatever.

IRISH DISTRESS.—The American relief ship *Constellation* is now at Queenstown, where the Duke of Edinburgh is superintending the discharge of her cargo. The officers and crew of the vessel are being feted and welcomed in every possible way, and the Dublin Corporation have presented the freedom of the city to Captain Potter. The Duchess of Marlborough has sent a farewell letter in English and Irish to the distressed districts, in which she assures the people that England loves Ireland, and will ever help her in time of need.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON held its annual meeting on Tuesday at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. G. Godwin, F.R.S., presiding in the absence of Lord Houghton. The year's subscriptions amount to over £12,000, and the print of the year is an engraving of Mr. Oswald Brierley's picture, "The Loss of the *Revenge*." Sir Walter Stirling, in seconding the adoption of the report, lamented the demolition of Temple Bar, which had succumbed not to the ravages of time, but to general bad taste and a lack of appreciation of archaeology. He was sorry Cleopatra's Needle had been brought to this country, and hoped the Pyramids would not follow it, to be placed in Trafalgar Square.

"AS STRONG AS IRON" seems to be a very misleading phrase, at least so far as the application of that metal to building purposes is concerned. At the inquest on the fireman Fitzgerald, held on Monday, it was shown that the collapse of the wall under which he was buried was due to the fusion by the flames of two hollow iron columns, upon which rested a wooden "bressummer," which without them was, of course, inadequate to support the weight of the superstructure. Iron is now frequently employed by builders, and the contemplation of some of our fashionable shop fronts, above which bricks and mortar are piled to the height of four and sometimes five stories, is calculated to shake one's faith in the professional judgment of the architects. The remains of poor Fitzgerald were buried on Tuesday at Abney Park Cemetery, most of the Metropolitan Fire Brigades taking part in the procession.



MR. AND MRS. MCKEE RANKIN, American performers of some celebrity, have arrived in England, accompanied by a troop of performers of Transatlantic reputation, and bringing with them a new play, *The Danites*, written by Mr. Joaquin Miller, the American poet. It was in this play, which has been performed in New York and many other American cities during the last three years—apparently with much success—that these new comers made their first appearance in England on Monday evening at SADLER'S WELLS Theatre. *The Danites*, as the name will probably have indicated, is based upon the notion of tribal vengeance; and it seems to have had its origin in the terrible "Mountain Meadow" massacre of some years since, for which certain Mormonite leaders were publicly executed. Revenge for the murder of their prophet Joseph Smith is believed to have been the actuating motive of these ferocious "saints," who, as represented in the play, in pursuance of a vow to exterminate an unfortunate family named Williams, dedicate, like the sons of Dan, their lives to schemes of vengeance. Mr. Miller has conceived the notion that the family thus hunted through the Far West had dwindled down to one survivor only—a girl named Nancy Williams, the heroine of the piece, who finds herself at length a fugitive under the protection of one Sandy M'Gee, a stalwart miner, illiterate but wise, generous but stern of purpose, rough of manner but tender of heart. What follows, so far as the plot can be said to be pursued, concerns the adventures of this girl, who, persecuted and ever in terror of her pursuers, disposes herself as a man, and even deceives M'Gee so far as to awaken unfounded jealousy in his breast on account of her relations with the sturdy miner's newly-married wife, "the school teacher," Hulda Brown. To tell the truth, the story is unfolded in a rather vague and vacillating fashion—the fundamental theme of vengeance being often entirely lost sight of, while the element of jealousy, which cannot possibly assume a serious aspect in the eyes of the audience, who are in possession of the secret, is developed at unreasonable length. In fact, the author has clearly cared less about his story, though one of pathetic and dramatic interest, than for the delineation of life and manners in the Far West, and the development of the humours of the miners' settlements. Of these features Mr. Miller is never tired; and we are bound to say that though the critical may regard them as often tediously elaborated, and occasionally of a somewhat puerile character, the audience at Sadler's Wells appeared to enjoy them to the last. Mr. Rankin's portrait of the stalwart digger is unquestionably effective. It seems to have been highly popular in America, where this combination of roughness and refinement appears to be recognised as a truthful type of the class he represents. To English taste these rough miners will, perhaps, seem a little too conscious of their supposed picturesque qualities; too much given to insist that they are rude children of the desert and the mountains, with hearts, as folks say, "in the right place;" too prone to boast and threaten, to assume a rolling gait, and to slap their thighs and roar aloud in token of their almost superhuman manliness. Mr. Rankin, who is a gentleman of well-developed proportions and of imposing presence, is perhaps in appearance the ideal of this character, which he plays with remarkable spirit, giving, moreover, a truthful air to the more tender attributes of the character. Mrs. Rankin is hardly less successful in winning favour in the character of Nancy; though her performance is too uniformly lachrymose. It may be said that to be uniformly lachrymose is precisely what might be expected from a heroine under such incessant and terrible persecution; but Art and Nature are not always synonymous. It was a fine notion to represent Nancy in her boyish disguise as in love with her protector, and maddened with the spectacle of his love for the schoolmistress; but this episode tends but little to the development of the story. The humorous scene of the instant awakening of a desire to look spruce on the part of the rough miners when the pretty school teacher suddenly arrives among them is borrowed, if we remember rightly, from Mr. Bret Harte's "Idyll of Red Gulch;" and the scene in which the rough miners display extraordinary interest in "the baby" is, in like manner, derived from "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by the same writer. The company includes one or two performers of considerable merit; among these Miss Cora Tanner and Mr. Waldron deserve special mention. The set scenes representing Californian landscapes are strikingly picturesque.

The opera of *Trovatore*, on which the hand of the burlesque writer has more than once been laid, furnishes Mr. Byron with the subject of his latest extravaganza, brought out at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Monday with the title of *Trovatore, or Larks with a Libretto*. The theme is treated in the usual vein of parody, and wild license of fun; and the piece is a very diverting one of its kind.

The Count de Luna it must be confessed is a personage hovering at all times somewhat closely upon the confines of the absurd. It is Mr. Edward Terry's business to take advantage of this fact, which he does in a manner which is highly ludicrous. The Troubadour is Miss E. Farren, who fights a duel with the Count, which is so contrived as to furnish a palpable parody of the tragic encounter in Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy, *The Old Love and the New*. The part of Leonora falls to that accomplished dancer and burlesque actress Miss Kate Vaughan, while Mr. Royce appears as Ferrando. Miss Wadman, Miss Edith Bruce, Miss Gilchrist, and other members of the ordinary Gaiety Company who have taken up their quarters here also take part in the burlesque, which is bright and animated, and provided with tuneful music and picturesque scenery.

A new burlesque entitled *Cupid*, produced at the ROYALTY Theatre this week, appears likely to enjoy more favour than some recent productions of its kind at this house. It is a light and lively trifle, in which classic fable is perverted, and cleverly turned to account as a vehicle for puns, contemporary allusions, songs and dances. Miss Amalia and Miss Kate Lawler are representatives of prominent characters, in association with Mr. David Fisher, jun., Miss Marie Williams, Mr. J. Irving, and others. The new scenery painted for the occasion gave much satisfaction to the first-night audience. *Cupid* is preceded by the new farcical comedy entitled *Themis*.

Mr. Boucicault, who appeared at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday evening in the character of Conn in his own play of *The Shaughraun*, received a warm welcome from a large audience. Five years have elapsed since this popular actor and dramatist was last in London; and reports of serious illness appeared at one time to threaten a final retirement from the stage. Happily his performance of the part of the quick-witted careless Irish lad exhibits no diminution of its old vivacity. This is one of the best of Mr. Boucicault's characters, in one of the best of his plays. The piece is represented by a powerful company, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Pateman, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Fernandez, Mr. Brooke, and Mrs. Mellon.—The Polish actress, Madam Modjeska, makes her first appearance in England this afternoon, at the COURT Theatre, in a version of *La Dame aux Camélias*.—This evening the late Mr. Robertson's *School* will be revived at the HAYMARKET in the place of *Money*.



#### THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

ALTHOUGH it contains no work of especial importance or striking originality, the present Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours is of at least average merit. The older members are for the most part well represented, and among the drawings of the young and comparatively unknown Associates there are many that show strong artistic feeling combined with a great amount of technical accomplishment. Though not so numerous as the landscapes, figure subjects occupy a more important place than usual at this Gallery. The largest of them, and one of the most striking, is Sir John Gilbert's "Battle of the Standard" (120), which represents, not the actual conflict, but the English franklins and peasants gathered round a great car, drawn by oxen, on which the sacred standard is erected, listening to the earnest exhortation of Ranulph, Bishop of Durham. The picture is vigorously painted, and displays the artist's accustomed skill in dealing with large masses of figures, but it is less interesting than many of his works. We greatly prefer his smaller "Prisoners" (21), which, besides being more spontaneous in design, is richer in tone and better balanced in light and shade. Mr. Walter Duncan's picture of a monk telling a tale of terror to two mediaeval soldiers on the battlement of a castle by twilight, called "The Legend of the Mountain" (39), is entitled to high commendation for its low-toned harmony of colour, and the natural gestures of the figures. Mr. A. H. Marsh sends a large picture, "Winter on the Northumbrian Coast" (187), remarkable for its simplicity and breadth of effect and its fulness of tone. The party of fishing girls and women who, heavily laden, are painfully making their way through the snow in the face of a biting wind, are admirably true in character and grouped with great skill. The qualities of colour which distinguish this picture are conspicuously absent in Mr. Norman Tayler's "Flooded Out" (96), representing a family of peasants wading through the water with their household goods on their backs; but, despite its poverty of tone and scattered composition, it displays unquestionable ability; the figures are strikingly characteristic, and though the artist has not succeeded in bringing them into harmony, each individual feature of the work is worthy of close examination.

We have seen nothing by Mr. J. D. Watson better than his "After Many Years" (73), in which a stalwart soldier, just returned from the wars, is seen grasping the hand of a middle-aged man in a furred gown, who has come to the landing-place to meet him. The design is full of spontaneity, the characters of the men well defined, and their movements natural and impulsive. Nor are the technical qualities of the work inferior to its conception; the drawing is excellent, the colour rich and harmonious, and the handling firm and decisive. A small and gracefully treated picture of a gentleman of the last century helping a lady over a stone stile, by this painter, though less interesting, displays the same artistic qualities. Near this is a small drawing of children at play on a cliff overlooking the sea by Mr. A. D. Fripp, called "Every Little Helps" (263), full of suffused light, elaborate in detail, and at the same time broad and simple in effect. The large picture of Mr. H. Wallis, "Vespers—Cathedral at Bruges" (174), is somewhat disappointing. The heads of the ecclesiastics, each of whom stands in a separate stall, show considerable diversity of character; but the execution is woolly, and colour morbid and monotonous. His very small drawing, "Old Friends" (271), in which two gentlemen of the last century are seen smoking long pipes in a very picturesque room, is on the contrary singularly luminous in tone, and painted with a clear, crisp, and decisive touch. By Mr. Walter Goodall there is a picture, "The Suppliant" (141), of a woman praying at a shrine in a Roman chapel for the sick child who lies in a basket beside her, commendable for its finished workmanship and harmonious colour; and by Mr. E. F. Brewtnal, a drawing of a lady with an expressionless face and a figure of abnormal length, sitting with her feet on a fender, called "Dreams" (67), which has no special artistic merit to compensate for the inanity of the subject.

No sign of decaying power is to be seen in the pictures of the veteran landscape painter, Edward Duncan. His large, stormy sea-coast scene, with numerous figures, "Launching the North Berwick Life-boat" (25), is full of movement, rich in tone, and in perfect keeping, and his other drawings, inland and coast views, are in no important respect inferior to it. Mr. Birket Foster, instead of small English pastoral scenes, sends now large Continental architectural views. His "West Portal of Rheims Cathedral" (54), and "Venice, from the Giudecca" (24), are remarkable more for their accuracy of detail than their truth of local colour. In both the architectural features seem to be correctly designed, but they are unpleasantly cold in tone and spotty in effect. Unlike these, the Venetian drawings of Miss Clara Montalba, though they stop short of completeness, are full of local colour and suggestions of beauty. The view of "Santa Chiara on the Grand Canal" (51) and "A Canal, Venice" (233) are perhaps the best in colour





THE DUCHESS OF TECK

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

PRINCE CHRISTIAN HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

PRINCE LEOPOLD PRINCESS BEATRICE  
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR - THE CEREMONY IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF THE CASTLE



**TURKEY AND MONTENEGRO.**—The Montenegrins have not been able to take possession of their new territory without opposition. The outgoing Turks gave a somewhat short notice of their departure, so that the Montenegrin troops were unprepared to enter immediately, and the fortified positions were seized in the mean time by armed bands of Albanians, who fired upon the Montenegrins on their approach towards Tusi. The Montenegrins retired, and the Prince has addressed a protest to the Porte, while the Foreign Ambassadors at Constantinople have equally remonstrated, and requested that the district in question should be at once reoccupied, and then handed over to the Montenegrins. The Porte on its side has replied by "explanations" showing what measures were taken in order to insure the due execution of the Convention, but there is little doubt that the real fault lay with the Turkish Commander, Izet Pasha, in only giving seven instead of the stipulated notice of twenty-four hours of his intention to vacate his positions. Thus the Porte will be compelled to see that peaceable possession of the district is secured to the Montenegrins.

**FRANCE.**—M. Jules Ferry, who, by the way, has been nicknamed the *Ministre Voyageur*, has been making a northern tour, and apparently has done more harm than good by exciting the passions of both Clericals and Radicals. At Lille in particular there were serious disturbances, the townspeople giving cheers for the anti-Jesuitical decrees with which M. Ferry's name is so intimately associated, while the Catholic University students made a very decided counter-demonstration, so that it needed the services of a strong body of gendarmes to maintain order. Thus several free fights took place, and bands of men paraded the streets singing "Ca ira" and the "Marseillaise." The Society of Free-thinkers also congratulated M. Ferry on his courage in entering the "den of Clericalism." During his visit he was entertained by the Municipality at a banquet. Here he defended his habit of speaking upon the Government policy while making his educational tours. A very large majority even of his own supporters, however, are by no means of the same opinion, and he has been severely blamed for fomenting an agitation which is looked upon not only as useless but as dangerous at a time when France is already over-excited upon the burning question of Religion.

There is very little other political news. The Radicals are jubilant over a victory at Besançon, where an "advanced" candidate has been elected to a seat hitherto occupied by a "moderate," this being regarded as a great triumph of the partisans of M. Clemenceau over the Gambettists. The chief political topic, however, has been the constitution of the new English Cabinet. All agree on the point that whatever may be the objections to Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, or theological views, there can be only one opinion upon his great financial ability, and that at the Exchequer he is the right man in the right place. As regards the other appointments there is not quite so much unanimity, and regarding Lord Granville, the *Globe* remarks that "he is a pastmaster in the art of eluding difficulties by pleasant gossiping, and that while Mr. Gladstone's accession may promote domestic reforms it does not promise to be advantageous to Europe."

From PARIS there is little save of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt and her vagaries. She has written to the *Figaro* to say that she cannot at present state the numerous reasons which have caused her to withdraw from the Comédie Française, and that no Court of Law will award 12,000 damages without taking into consideration certain circumstances which will then be made known. Her resignation was not premeditated, "but the spontaneous result of a long irritation." As for the non-attendance at rehearsals, it was owing simply to her being absolutely "tired out." The fair Sarah rejoices in the "accomplished fact which restores to me more than liberty—calm to my spirit and my nervous system."—There has been an amusing little comedy produced at the Odéon, *Le Parapluie*, by M. Ernest d'Herville, in which the Englishman's affection for his umbrella and his unwillingness to stir without that appendage, forms the chief motif of the plot.

**Russia.**—There has been another political trial, which has resulted in the condemnation of several students to various terms of imprisonment, and considerable attention is being drawn to the position of numberless Muscovite sects, many of which are giving a good deal of trouble. As for the Jews, both those of foreign and of Russian nationality are being expelled from St. Petersburg and the other large towns without mercy. And this at a time when all Europe has joined in compelling Roumania to enfranchise her Israelite community!

**Germany.**—Commercial matters have mainly occupied the attention of the Reichstag, and foremost has been the Bill for supporting the German Marine Commercial Company, to which it would guarantee 500,000. This measure was brought forward with a view to maintaining German commerce in the Samoan islands, the establishment organised there by Messrs. Godeffroy having been the centre of German commerce in the South Seas. To every one's surprise, however, the Bill, though strongly supported by the Government, was rejected. Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of the English Premiership has been freely discussed, and the Ministerial *Post* condescendingly remarks "that we do not regard a Gladstone Cabinet as a danger to Europe." Lord Granville's appointment has been received with considerable gratification, the *National Zeitung* regarding it as a "certain proof that no radical change in England's relations to the Continent need be apprehended from the new Cabinet." Berlin has never been looked upon as a highly moral city, but those who have not read Mr. Vizetelly's recent work will be surprised at the correspondent of *The Times* stating, with reference to the new law for licensing theatrical managers, that "Christianity, as understood and interpreted by Luther, has almost ceased to exist as a governing power here in a city boasted of by its inhabitants as being the modern home of intelligence." He adds, however, that "it is consoling to reflect that the arbitrary authority of the police is nowhere more extensively exercised, and nowhere more readily respected."

**ITALY.**—Italy is highly delighted at the prospect of a Gladstone Cabinet, and loudly expresses her admiration of the manner in which the crisis has been solved in England, the *Diritto* declaring that "the more we study this last period of English political life the more there is for us to learn and admire. A people which itself rules its rulers and its own destinies; a conquered party which immediately recognises its defeat, and arouses wonder by its calmness, a victorious party which observes the greatest respect towards its adversaries, and accepts victory as a grave responsibility, a man who after having powerfully contributed to the victory refuses the honour, and almost declines to accept the power, a Queen who immediately yields to the will of the nation, doing violence, perhaps, to her own sympathies,—all this is a spectacle which Italy is a long way from being able to offer."

**INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.**—General Stewart has occupied Ghazni, after some severe fighting. On the 19th inst., near Ahmed Khel, his force encountered an army of Ghilzais, some 15,000 in number, under the command of Sher Jan Taraki and Muhammed Aslam Tokhi, and prepared to commence the attack. Suddenly a band of some 3,000 Ghilzais, armed with swords, and magnificently led by three men with standards, charged upon the British troops,

and for a whole hour a most determined hand-to-hand battle raged. Ultimately the enemy were driven off, leaving 1,000 dead on the field, and the remainder of the Ghilzais, seeing their comrades' disaster, retired with alacrity. Unfortunately, owing to the want of cavalry, our troops were unable to pursue them. Our loss amounted to seventeen killed and 126 wounded. Amongst the latter were six officers—Lieutenant Young, 19th Bengal Lancers; Captain Corbett, R. H. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson, 59th Foot; Colonel Yorke, 19th Bengal Lancers; Lieutenant Watson, 59th Foot; and Lieutenant Stewart, 2nd Punjab Cavalry. Next day another force of some six to eight thousand men, comprising Mooshk-i-Alam's army, were engaged, and after two hours' fighting were defeated, and dislodged from their positions. The advance cavalry also marched forward and occupied Ghazni, which was surrendered peacefully by the Governor Alam Khan, the main body following on the 20th inst., and encamping on the Cabul side of the city. After two days' halt General Stewart intended to go on to Shekabad, at the junction of the Cabul and Kuram routes; but his march was delayed another day owing to an action with another gathering of some 6,000 Afghans who had collected in the neighbourhood, and who were ultimately dispersed by General Palliser. The troops are said to be in splendid health and spirits, and to have fought well.

On Sunday Colonel Jenkins had a brisk engagement with a force of Logaris at a village near Char Asiab. His little force at one time was almost surrounded by the enemy, who had occupied the heights, and were continually reinforced from the direction of the Chardah Valley. The enemy showed considerable boldness, and were only prevented from rushing upon our troops by their steady fire. The situation was heliographed to General Roberts, who at once despatched General Macpherson with reinforcements, and then by a concerted attack in two directions the enemy were dislodged from every position which they held. Mahomed Hassan, the ex-governor of Cabul, and an ardent partisan of Yakoob Khan, was the leader of the Afghans.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In SWEDEN Professor Nordenskjöld has been received with great enthusiasm. He has been created a Baron by the King, and some 30,000 visitors assembled in Stockholm to witness his return.—In CYPRUS the advent to power of the Gladstone Ministry has been hailed with great enthusiasm, and popular demonstrations have taken place at Larnaca, Limasol, and Nicosia.—In the UNITED STATES the Marquis of Salisbury's refusal to grant an indemnity for the American Fortune Bay fishery outrage has excited great dissatisfaction, and it is now proposed to notify to England the American wish to terminate the fishery provisions of the Treaty of Washington. Mr. Charles de Young, editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has been shot by a son of Mayor Kalloch, whom he himself shot last autumn.—In CANADA a serious fire has occurred at Hull. Eight hundred houses were destroyed.



THE Queen entertained a number of guests at Windsor last week for the marriage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover with Baron von Pawel Rammigen, which was celebrated very quietly on Saturday in the private Chapel. As however the ceremony is described in another portion of the paper we need only mention here that Her Majesty herself gave away the bride, and Prince Leopold acted as best man, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were also present. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Boyd Carpenter preached, and later the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left for Bagshot Park, while the Queen with Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold visited Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. The Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave audience to Earl Beaconsfield, and on Wednesday the Queen held a Council at Windsor Castle, when the new Ministers kissed hands on their appointment.

The Prince of Wales was present at the Sandown Park Races on Saturday, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to the Royal Italian Opera. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their three daughters attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where the Rev. H. White preached. On Monday night the Prince and Princess and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz went to the Opera.

The Duke of Edinburgh continues in Ireland, and has spent this week in Cork Harbour, where on his arrival he gave a dinner on the *Lively* to the captain and officers of the American vessel *Constellation*—which brings the Transatlantic contributions to the Irish Relief Fund—the American Consul, and several other guests. On Monday night he was present at a banquet given by Admiral Hamilton, and next day inspected the public institutions of Cork. He remains until the *Constellation* cargo is discharged, and would probably return to Galway last (Friday) evening.—On Wednesday night the Duke of Connaught presided at the dinner in aid of the German Hospital, Dalston.

The Crown Princess of Germany has ascended Vesuvius by the new railway.—The ex-Empress Eugénie reached Durban in the *German* last week, considerably the better for her voyage. She stayed at the residence of Captain Baynton, the Union Company's Agent, and on Sunday attended Mass at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, afterwards walking in St. Andrew's Park, while on Monday she left for Maritzburg.



THE "MAY MEETINGS" have already commenced, as usual before the advent of the month by the name of which they are known. The Baptist Union anniversary began at Bloomsbury Chapel, the new President being the Rev. F. Trestrail, of Newport, Isle of Wight. On the same day the annual meeting of the Baptist Bible Translation Society was held; and the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England also commenced its sittings at Marylebone Presbyterian Church, the pastor of which, Dr. Donald Fraser, is Moderator for the coming year. On Tuesday the annual meeting of the London Congregational Union was held.

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.**—On Sunday last, in all the churches of the Diocese of London, a pastoral letter from the Bishop was read, calling attention to the continuous growth of the metropolis, and the ever-growing need for more churches and clergymen, and asking for prayers and liberal contributions for the Bishop of London's Fund.

**SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.**—On Friday last a meeting of Sunday School teachers, promoted by the Lord's Day Rest Association to further the formation of branches of the Juvenile Sabbath Union, was held under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who said that some thirteen years ago he had himself inaugurated an

analogous movement, which had since totally collapsed. He was glad to know that it had been revived, for he regarded it as one of the most important and hopeful organisations of the day. The Secretary of the Juvenile Sabbath Union explained that its members, who were mostly Sunday School scholars, were encouraged to agree, with the written consent of their parents, not to buy, sell, or cause unnecessary labour on the Sabbath Day.

**THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.**—It seems, the religious denomination which is, in proportion to its numbers (13,000), the best represented in Parliament, there being no fewer than eleven Quakers in the new House of Commons.

**BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION.**—On Sunday last, Canon Farrar preaching before the Cambridge University expressed his attachment to the Scripture, but denied that they were to give equal credence to all parts, and he showed that tyranny and corruption, martyrdom, slavery, and intolerance had been supported and justified by certain passages. He was particularly severe upon the intolerance of schools and parties and Church newspapers.



**SKIN-DISEASE.**—It is almost as great a bugbear now as it was during the Crusades. It has a literature of its own, and hospitals and specialists—aye, even a nomenclature. Fancy being afflicted with ichthyosis; it seems a distinct step back in the direction of the ascidian. Mr. J. L. Milton's object in "The Bath in Diseases of the Skin" (Chatto and Windus) is to show the readiest way of administering that best of remedies, the vapour bath. As senior surgeon of St. John's Hospital for Skin-Diseases, he has had plenty of experience, which he imparts in such a way as to make self-treatment easy, economical, and safe; and, for those living away from the few towns where vapour and Turkish baths are to be had, the alternative usually is between self-treatment and no treatment at all. The book is thoroughly practical, and the cures which have resulted from the system are little short of miraculous.

"Put an Irishman on a spit," says the proverb, "and you'll always find another to turn him;" and we presume Mr. Percy Fitzgerald belongs, as did Mr. John Wilson Croker, to the exceedingly composite nationality of the Sister Island. Croker deserved roasting; Lady Morgan, the now forgotten "Wild Irish Girl," slighted him, and he revenged himself by furious attacks on her books. "He lay in wait for them," says Mr. Fitzgerald. "No one could lash a woman or massacre a she-Liberal like Rigby" (*i.e.*, Croker), says Lord Beaconsfield in "Coningsby." But Croker had had enough of it already. Lord Macaulay had roasted to rags "the impudent leering varlet whom he detested more than cold boiled veal." Why, then, should Mr. Fitzgerald still go on turning the spit? Because a new edition is announced of Croker's "Boswell," and he hopes his "Croker's Boswell and Boswell" (Chapman and Hall), may be of use to the editor. Doubtless it will; for, besides correcting errors, he brings out several forgotten facts. Meanwhile the general reader will find in him plenty of amusement, and will congratulate himself that reviewers are not what they were when Croker fastened tooth and nail on poor Tom Moore and snarled like a wild cat at Lord Russell, and when Macaulay quite equalled his rival in coarse personality. Nowadays it is left to fifth-rate society journalists to mix gall with their ink in such alarming proportions. Criticism is wholesomer; but surely Mr. Fitzgerald is joking when he calls it "the gay science." The second part of his book is, perhaps, more useful than the first; Croker's will still be the edition of Boswell, and, therefore, we are glad for it to be as correct as possible. The Laird of Auchinleck, by the way, was almost as snappish as Croker; and the way in which he stood on his dignity, quarrelling with Sir John Hawkins for describing him as Mr. James Boswell, for which the worthy knight proposed to substitute "The Boswell," is delicious.

We think the verdict of England goes with Bishop Colenso on most points connected with the Zulu War. He was right about Langalibalele; and his coming over so disinterestedly to set the facts before Lord Carnarvon strongly impressed many who had no sympathy with his Biblical criticism. Miss Frances Colenso's "History of the Zulu War and its Origin" (Chapman and Hall), naturally expresses her father's well-known views, though he had not seen a word of it before it was published. For over twenty years the Zulus and the Natal colonists had lived in perfect quiet side by side, the latter feeling no alarm till it was put into their heads by those in authority. The scare of 1878 was forced upon them by the constant sending out of troops "for defensive purposes," and by perpetual agitation in the local papers. Of course three parties were always eager for war—those to whom it brought profit; those who looked to conquest for cheap labour and a good revenue from hut-tax; and those to whom a campaign was merely a hunt on a large scale. But the panic was not a genuine one; it was "distinctly due to those in authority, whose policy it was to bring about a collision." Since 1873 Miss Colenso thinks all Government action in South Africa has tended to create a South African Empire, a worthy pendant to that of India. We meddled where we had no right by crowning Cetewayo; and then, as the Zulus "obstinately refused to put themselves in the wrong by any sort of interference with us," we had to fall back on the King's so-called "coronation promises," in regard to which Sir T. Shepstone's way of dealing was, let us say, Sheptonian. So, too, was the farce of arraying Cetewayo in a second-hand scarlet opera cloak, a world too short for him, and a pasteboard and tinsel crown. The Zulu King felt he was being made a fool of; but he submitted out of anxiety to keep friends with the English. So eager was he to have them on his side that he urged over and over again the extension of the Natal territory, so as to intervene between the Zulus and the Transvaal. This does not seem like anxiety for a war of races; it rather shows that Cetewayo, knowing how justly his people detested the Boers, wished to have a buffer between them which might ensure peace all round. Miss Colenso's indictment is a very grave one. The 500 octavo pages in which she sustains it, and also, with the help of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Durnford, criticises the whole campaign, are full of interest, and ought to be read by all who would judge aright a matter which nearly concerns the honour and good name of England. She has a well-written sympathetic chapter on the Prince Imperial. Her view of the desirability of missionaries in Zululand deserves attention: "It all depends on whether they are earnest, peace-loving, self-sacrificing teachers, or mere traders for their own benefit, under the cloak of a divine mission, ready for a bloody war," like that amiable missionary who wrote to Sir B. Frere in December, 1873, "Only the utter destruction of the Zulus can secure future peace. We have the approbation of God, our Queen, and our own consciences."

Last September nearly 120 of some 200 whom the Dean of Llandaff has prepared for the Ministry met for three days' social intercourse at the Charterhouse, Godalming. As a reminder of old times Dr. Vaughan was asked to give a Greek Testament reading or two in the old manner. Two of those present took notes; and of these and other like papers "Rest Awhile; Addresses to Toilers in the Ministry" (Macmillan) is made up. All that Dr. Vaughan writes is most valuable; but he has never written anything more touching and at the same time richer in instruction than this little

book. Would that the clergy generally could see, with Dr. Vaughan, that "hand and heart, intellect and soul, are alike suffering from that overstrain of the talking and walking manie which is put upon us by the influence of the times." Of the danger of Professionalism he speaks, as he always does, judiciously, remarking that "if the clergy are anywhere taking too much upon them, it is always" (a section of) "the laity who give it." On the danger of familiarity inseparable from a common form of prayer he insists, perhaps, too strongly. It is a matter of temperament; there are many minds over which the Liturgy, far from being deadened by repetition, has a continually growing power.

To those who have read the "Gamekeeper at Home," or that most delightful book, "Wild Life in a Southern County," or indeed any of Mr. R. Jefferies's works, "Hodge and His Masters" (Smith and Elder) needs no recommendation from us. There is the same easy pleasant style, so simple and yet so choice in its selection of phrase and epithet; the same keen eye for natural beauty; the same clever and telling way of sketching character. The range is wider; it includes country towns with their banks; their farmers' club; their county court; parsons and curates; squires of different degrees and tempers. The Board Room in the chapter on "Hodge's Last Masters" is admirable, and shows how much art there is in giving a thoroughly natural and life-like account of what most of us have seen and taken part in. In "Four-acre Farmers," the "Cottage Charter," and "Landlords' Difficulties," Mr. Jefferies handles (lightly) some of the burning questions of the day. Of the future he is too wise to prophesy; the wonderful spread of education may (he remarks) "cause a powerful demand among the labourers for corresponding privileges, or it may counteract the tendency to unreasonable expectations." Unhappily we can endorse what he says about the effect of one kind of education on farmers' daughters—they don't like to marry farmers. "It is not too much to say that part at least of the decay of agriculture is owing to the lack of women willing to devote themselves as their mothers did before them." The "fine lady farmer"—a thorough lady, yet quite out of sympathy with the country and its traditions, is drawn to the life; so is the lad who thinks he is learning farming and a smattering of all the 'ologies while rushing about on a bicycle. With him is contrasted the steady old plodder, ever so far behind the times, for whose rusty gig the Honourable on the tall four-in-hand shows a marked respect because its driver has thousands to his credit in the bank. Money Mr. Jeffreys hints rules the field as well as the camp, court, and grove; his picture of the vicar who drops out of account in his parish because he is poor, and whose wife tries (in vain) all sorts of schemes for increasing the income, is perhaps the cleverest thing in these two clever volumes.

clever volumes.

Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" (2 vols. : Chatto and Windus) is another and a very different instance of writing pleasantly about well-known things. Mr. Jefferies' charm is that he says just what everybody who reads him would say if he could ; Mark Twain's charm is that he puts things so unexpectedly—says the very thing which nobody would ever think of saying. It is a new experience, too, to go to Heidelberg and see and hear about student life in a more thorough way than we have done since Mayhew wrote ; to be taken up the Rhine and have its legends retold to us ; to wander about Switzerland, and, amongst other feats, to get to the top of Mont Blanc—by telescope ; and all under the guidance of him who wrote "The Jumping Frog." Dry humour apart, the "Tramp" is full of clever remarks on the social politics and appreciative notes of the scenery of various countries. We are reminded that Italian labourers did most of the hard work of the Alpine tunnels, "they who we fancy confine themselves to the lighter arts, like organ-grinding, operatic-singing, and assassination." The arrangements and behaviour in German theatres are made the theme of serious advice to the Americans—a good deal of which we in England might take to ourselves ; and, as usual with our author, the advice is seasoned with Yankee salt in the shape of an account of the King of Bavaria insisting on real rain in one of Wagner's storm-pieces, and, when all the actors were drenched, wishing to have an *encore*. The social bathers at Leuk, the whey and grape cures, the feats of lady mountaineers are told in the author's best style. The book is a worthy sequel to "The Innocents Abroad" and "The New Pilgrim's Progress." How Mark Twain robbed a blind beggarwoman of four dollars in a church in Odessa is the most characteristic story, except perhaps the picture of the short-shirted boy of ten years old screaming fire on a Mississippi steamer, and the calm old lady bidding him go get his breast-pins that he mightn't take cold—"That boy was I," is in the true Mark Twain vein. No ; better than either is the scene in which Mark and his fellow traveller Harris quarrel who is to have the skeleton of the man, the fragments of whose opera-glass they had picked up at the foot of the Gemmi, and whom they, therefore, assumed to have come to pieces likewise.

MAY-DAY

The grand feature of all old May-day games was, of course, the May-pole, which still holds its place in a few out-of-the-way districts, although it has long been divested of its ancient pomp and pageantry. Shortly after midnight on the 1st of May the youth of both sexes would rise and walk to some neighbouring wood, "accompanied with music and blowing of horns," where they broke down branches from trees, decorating them with nosegays and crowns of flowers, after which they returned home to adorn their doors and windows with their floral booty, the after-part of the day, says Browne, being chiefly spent in dancing round "a tall poll which is called a May-poll." In those days the May-pole used to be brought into the town or village with great veneration, being drawn by twenty or forty yoke of oxen, each ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied to the tip of his horns. The shaft itself was gaily decked with flowers and herbs, and bound round with strings from top to bottom, while sometimes it would be painted with different colours. A prettier picture can hardly be imagined than the May-pole planted in the village green, rearing its gaily-crested head to the sky of a fine May-day, thus decked with the freshest and sweetest flowers of the spring, handkerchiefs and flags streaming from the top, and a ring of ruddy country lads and lasses joyously dancing and gambolling round about. One is inclined to regret that life nowadays has become too artificial for the observance of this old-fashioned custom, fostering and promoting, as it did, many innocent and harmless amusements.

and harmless amusements.

London was not behind the provinces in respect of May-poles, the most famous of which used to be erected opposite the church of St. Andrew in Cornhill, whence it was called "St. Andrew Under-shaft." Stowe, in his "Survey of London," describes how the citizens of London of all estates, generally in every parish, but in some cases two or three parishes joining together had their several mayings, and "did fetch their May-poles with divers warlike shows. The pastimes, which lasted all day, were, of course, not complete unless the morrice-dancers and some good archers took part therein and they were generally brought to a close in the evening with stag plays and bonfires in the streets.

In the good old days of pageantry the May Queen was indispensable for all May games and sports, and a proud day it was for the village damsel selected for the honour. The Poet Laureate has already made us familiar with the picture. The functions of the May Queen consisted for the most part in gathering flowers and weaving garlands. At Polebrook, for instance, the Queen of the May and her attendants gather what flowers they can from the surrounding meadows and call at the houses of the principal

inhabitants to beg flowers, the gift or loan of ribbons, handkerchiefs, dolls, &c., with which to form their garland. This the young maidens carry round the village on May morning, preceded by a fiddler, and a quaint song is sung by the Queen and her company, and a gratuity solicited. The garland is then suspended by ropes from a school-house to an opposite tree, and the Mayers and other children play at throwing balls over it. The money collected is spent on a repast of tea and cakes, at which the Queen of the May presides, sitting under a bower composed of branches of May and blackthorn, and being crowned with a wreath of flowers.

The chimney-sweepers' travesty of the Queen of the May is now almost extinct, as far as the chimney-sweeps themselves are concerned. The "Jack-in-the-Green" consisted of a hollow frame of wood or wicker-work made in the form of a sugar-loaf and large enough to receive a man inside, which they carried about with them while parading the streets dressed in grotesque costume and all kinds of tinselled finery. They also bore shovels and brushes which made rough music.

The May-day custom of the milk-maids is still extant in some parts of the country. Borrowing silver plates and tankards, they construct a sort of pyramid which they decorate with ribbons and flowers and carry on their head instead of milk-pails. Or the garland, as it is called, is placed on a frame or horse, and the whole affair borne by two men from door to door to the music of the pipe and tabor or fiddle, the accompanying milk-maids dancing the while. Of course a collection is afterwards made for the Mayers. Frequently a comely milk-maid, gaily attired with flowers and ribbons, led her cow, also tastefully decorated with her horns gilded by a rope, followed by the owner.

The belief in the virtue of May dew collected before sunrise is not altogether extinct, and maidens, not too well-favoured by Nature, are still found to trip forth early on May-day, with the object of beautifying their faces by bathing them with the precious liquid thus obtained.

This custom used to be very general, and in Pepys' Diary we find this entry : " My wife away ; down to Woolwich in order to get little air, and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow, which Mrs. Turner has taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with."

In those days even some of the Fellows of the Royal Society believed in the virtues of May-dew, a fact which no doubt had considerable weight with Mr. Pepys. May-dew was then considered a very efficacious cure for gout; and Aubrey tells us that after relating to him an instance of such a cure, a chirurgeon of Shoe Lane "said this was the very method and way of curing that was used in Oliver Cromwell, Protectour."

A. G. E.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—That Gounod's more than ever popular *Faust e Margherita* would be produced early in Mr. Gye's season, with such a representative of the heroine at hand as Madame Albani, might have been taken for granted. Margherita is a character in the personification of which the fair Canadian evidently takes delight. She is indeed both mentally and physically suited to it. The music lies always well for her voice, and, now that the Covent Garden pitch has been judiciously made to assimilate with the so-styled "normal," never strains it so as to damage its rare mellifluous quality. This was apparent throughout her performance on Saturday night, when by declining the unanimous encore for her fluent and expressive execution of the "Jewel Song"—she set an example that might be gracefully imitated by others, her inferior too prone in any circumstances to submit to such unwarrantable exactions. Madame Albani's acting was always intelligent and sympathetic, fully realising the poetical sentiment of the "Garden scene, where, in the beautiful duet, she was supported with more than wonted fervour by Signor Gayarre, and rising to the full height of the situation in that of the death of Valentine (Signor Cotogni) that of the cathedral, where Mephistopheles (M. Vidal), mocks at the prayers of Margherita, and that of the prison, death, and apotheosis—each a test of histrionic, no less than of vocal ability. The frequent applause bestowed upon Madame Albani was no more than commensurate with her deserts. Mdlle. Pasqua was a pleasing Siebel, Mdlle. Vitali an excellent Martha, and the representation was for the most part everything that could be desired. On Monday Mr. Gye's youngest *prima donna*, Mdlle. Turolla, essayed, for the first time, the arduous character of Valentine in the *Huguenots*, and on Tuesday a new tenor, Signor Engel, appeared as Manrico in the *Trovatore*; but of these, as of other matters, we are compelled to defer speaking till next week. For to-night we are promised *A Sonnambula*, with Madame Albani as Amina, the part in which, not so many years since, she first solicited and won the good opinion of an English audience.

on an English audience.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert on Saturday for the benefit of Mr. Manns was noticeable on more than one account. The programme, varied and attractive, derived especial interest from the fact of its being in most important respects the choice of the audience who attended the performance a week previously. On that occasion a circular was distributed in the room containing lists of the instrumental works which had been given during the series of twenty-four concerts, from October, 1879, to April, 1880, coupled with a request from Mr. Manns that visitors would affix a mark to any symphony, concerto, overture, and miscellaneous orchestral composition they might wish to hear at his benefit concert on the Saturday following. The result fully justified the confidence reposed by the eminent conductor in his audience. Beginning with the Pastoral Symphony and ending with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, comprising, too, Mendelssohn's violin concerto (played by Mme. Sauret), Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia" (Mdle. Mehlig at the pianoforte), &c., &c., the selection was for the greater part highly judicious. With regard to the execution generally it must suffice to add that, from the opening to the close, we cannot remember a performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" more nearly approaching absolute perfection. The vocal music, contributed by Madams Ida Hahn-Friedländer (her first appearance), Mrs. Osgood, Miss Hope Glen, Messrs. Foli and Harper Kearton, was all good in its way. That Mr. Manns should be greeted with applause more less hearty and unanimous than richly merited was no matter for surprise.

**VERDI AND HIS STATUE.**—The composer of *Rigoletto* and *Aida* was but recently at Milan, where he received a deputation from the projectors and promoters of the statue about to be erected in his honour at the Scala, the scene of so many of his greatest successes. His reply was characteristic of the man. "I do not," he said—"merit the honour of a statue, which only belongs to the dead. I hope at all events, however, that this statue will not be my immediate passport to another world." Verdi is at present in Genoa.

**THE HANS RICHTER CONCERTS.**—The prospectus just issued of the forthcoming series of nine concerts to be given in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Herr Richter, informs us that the orchestra engaged by Herr Franke (leader) will consist of "ten eminent artists," and that each programme will include one of the

symphonies of Beethoven, beginning with the first and terminating with the ninth, in chronological order. Symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms are also comprised, together with overtures, concertos, &c., by various masters. There is much less of Wagner, than might have been expected from the most famous of Wagnerite conductors, who so greatly distinguished himself four years since at Bayreuth, and happily but one of the "Symphonic Poems" of Liszt (*Die Hunnenschlacht*). We are promised vocal music in the bargain; and altogether the programmes look attractive—none the less so because (apparently through some oversight) a single composition from an English musician has been put down, in the shape of Mr. C. Hubert H. Parry's pianoforte concerto, heard not long ago at the Crystal Palace.

WALES.—Mr. Charles Hallé is coming to London this month, with his own orchestra and chorus, to give two performances of the *Damnation de Faust* of Hector Berlioz, which he has recently produced with such marked success at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. This will be one of the musical events of the season.—Madame Christine Nilsson is expected in London on Monday.—The concert announced by F. H. Cowen for Wednesday evening next is one of special interest to those who care for what our English musicians are doing. The chief feature is to be Mr. Cowen's own dramatic cantata, *The Corsair*, produced with such unanimous applause at the Birmingham Festival of 1876. The composer himself is to conduct the performance.—Mdlle. Marguerite Ugalde, daughter of the once famous singer of that name, has appeared at the Opéra Comique as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*, meeting with warm encouragement.—The young and promising singer, Mdlle. Marie Vanzandt, seems to be growing more and more in the favour of the Parisians, who predict for her a brilliant *avenir*.—The Patti series of performances at the Gaité closed on Tuesday, the 27th, with the *Barbière*; so that the popular songstress may be expected in London very shortly to resume her duties at the Royal Italian Opera.—Mr. Gye, we understand, intends to resume the Friday nights it was but lately his design to abandon; so that there will henceforth be five, instead of four, performances a week.



**"THREE RECRUITS, AND THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM,"** Joseph Hatton (Hurst and Blackett).—There is a great deal to interest and a great deal to amuse in these volumes. Mr. Hatton writes gracefully and well. He possesses as evinced not only by this but also by his earlier works, considerable novelistic power, a more than average command of language and inventive genius, but all this is somewhat heavily handicapped by a certain crudeness of execution, whether owing to carelessness, or to a strange ignorance of the world, it is impossible to say. As a veteran performer, we should have thought Mr. Hatton would have been aware that the nephew of an Earl, unless himself the son of a peer, is not an Honourable, nor is an earl usually addressed even by his solicitor as "Your Grace." Again, when the mass of able-bodied Englishmen have by some means or another acquired the rudiments of a military education, it is a matter of surprise that the real meaning of the term "a file of men" has not penetrated the crania of male writers of fiction. Mr. Hatton seems to imagine that "a file" is an unknown quantity varying in number from a company to a brigade, whereas it merely represents a "couple of men." The idea of magistrates calling on the military to furnish a "file of soldiers" for the purpose of guarding against a supposed riot is too ridiculous an error to be pardoned. In spite of these blemishes Mr. Hatton's book will be read with pleasure by those whose business in life is to skin works of fiction.

skim works of fiction.  
"Honor Carmichael," by Henrietta A. Duff (Bentley and Son).—There are many who will welcome this book with a mournful interest, and value it as much for the painful memories its appearance awakens as for its intrinsic merits. As the preface tells us, its author was cut off by an early and lamented death before the proof sheets of "Honor Carmichael" were revised, and thus was checked in its very infancy a career which was full of promise. Miss Duff possessed a thorough knowledge of her work (gained not from book lore, but from personal experience), and armed with this, and with a graceful pen, she needed but practice to develop into a second Mrs. Norton. Her style was pure and refined, her characters life-like and natural, her plots carefully thought out, and the details worked in with a skilful hand. "Honor Carmichael" is a charming book, the little sketches of scenery are delightful specimens of word-painting; whilst the love scenes are told with all the keen appreciation of a woman's tender hand. It would be impossible to do anything but speak most highly of this book, which must have a wide circulation. We feel we are but echoing the feelings of every one of its readers in offering to the author's friends our tribute of sympathy and regret that one so talented has been removed from the busy field of literature, where, though the workers are many, the successful ones are but few.

"*Betty: a Sketch*" (Tinsley Brothers).—There is a certain amount of truth in the author's description of this work—it is a sketch, in crudeness of design, in slovenliness of execution. But a sketch in three volumes is more than most people bargain for, and we should recommend the author, if she ventures again on novel-making, to content herself with short, carefully-finished sketches, and not to waste her time, to say nothing of pens, ink, and paper, in an attempt to fill three volumes with washy twaddle. If this is the author's idea of a sketch, we can hardly feel grateful enough to her for having spared us the infliction of a finished work.



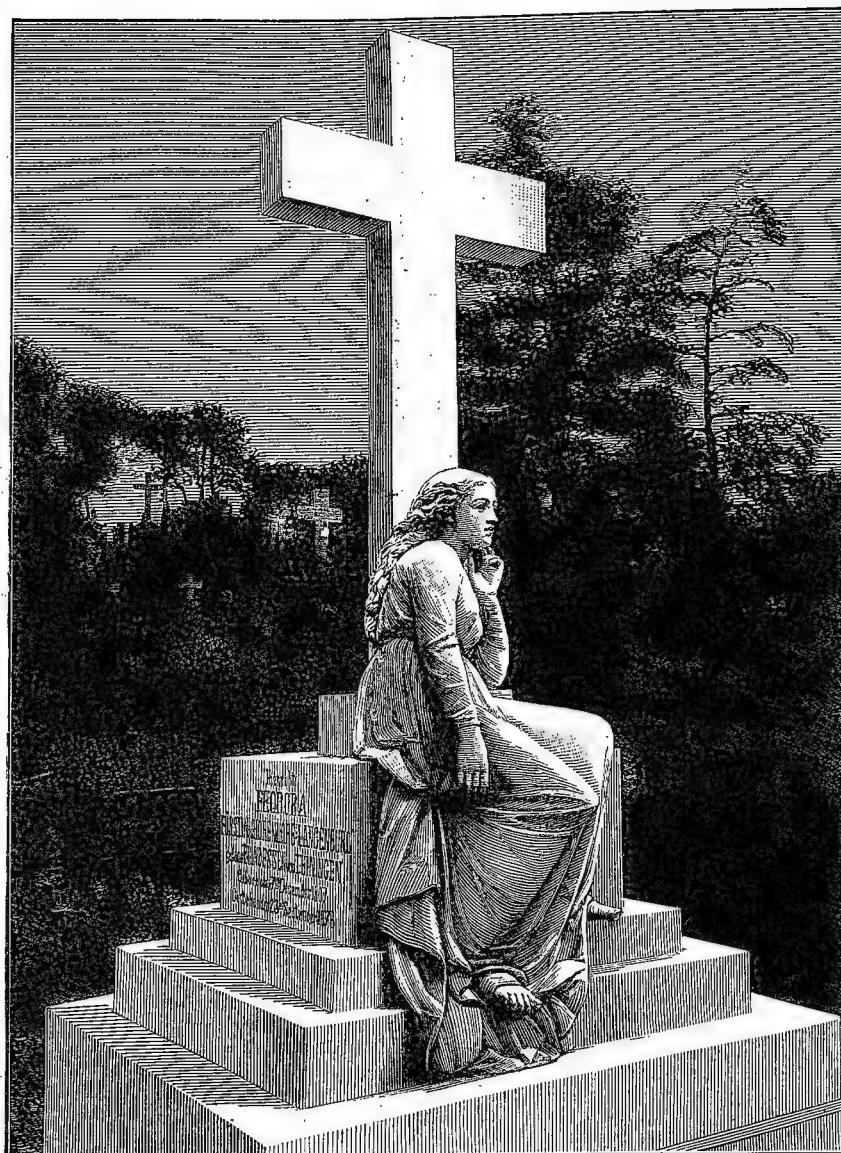
**SEWING MACHINES.**—The trial of Mr. Alfred Stafford Wright, to whose committal on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences we referred last week under the heading "Tricks of Trade," took place on Friday, the 23rd ult., at the Middlesex Sessions before Mr. Edlin, who stopped the case, and directed the jury to acquit the prisoner, because, in the first place, there appeared no proof that he had represented the machine as one of the "Wheeler and Wilson Company's" manufacture, but only as a "Wheeler and Wilson machine," an article well known in the trade; and secondly, because the benevolent gentleman who had paid for the machine for Mrs. Oliver did not appear as a witness, and there was therefore no proof that the alleged false pretence had induced him to part with his money. Mr. Edlin therefore directed an acquittal, though he thought that it would have been fairer if the defendant had told the woman that the machine was not made by the Wheeler and Wilson Company. Mr. Besley, on behalf of the defendant, said that in another Court his client would show that he was an honourable man. We, therefore, regret the remarks we made upon Mr. Alfred Stafford Wright's conduct in the matter, and have much pleasure in being able now to withdraw them unconditionally.

**BADEN-BADEN—MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG**

THIS monument has been erected in the cemetery at Baden-Baden to the memory of the Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and is the work of her son, Count Gleichen. The Princess was Her Majesty's half-sister, being the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen. She was born in 1807, and died on the 23rd of September, 1872, having been visited by Her Majesty at Baden-Baden in the previous March.—Our engraving is from a photograph.

**ANTIQUITIES IN THE ISLES OF ARAN**

THESE islands, which have recently been visited by the Irish Relief Squadron under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, are famous as one of the earliest strongholds of Christianity. A century before St. Augustine preached in Britain, a colony of monks had established themselves therein, and became so renowned for piety that the place has ever since been known as "Holy Aran," and tradition has it that the bodies of no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven "saints" lie interred in one burial ground alone. The islands are full of interest for the archeologist, the botanist, and the zoologist, and also for the artist on account of their beautiful cliff scenery, and the splendid views of the Galway coast to be obtained therefrom. Turning to our engravings, which are from sketches by Mrs. H. A. Blake, we have a view of St. Breccan's, one of the seven ruined churches situate near the western extremity of Aranmore, the largest of the three isles. Ballintemple is a village on Inishmaan (the middle island). It stands on a precipitous cliff, the geological formation of which, though partially hidden by masses of ivy, honeysuckle, and bramble, gives it the appearance of a gigantic stone wall. Don Caher is one of the ancient stone fortresses for which Aran is celebrated, dating, as they are by some held to do, from 1,000 years before Christ. It stands upon a bold cliff, perfectly inaccessible from the sea, whilst the approach landwards, naturally difficult, is rendered more so by a curious *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp stones fixed on end in the ground. The Bed of the Seven Comely Saints is situated about two miles from Kilronan, the capital of



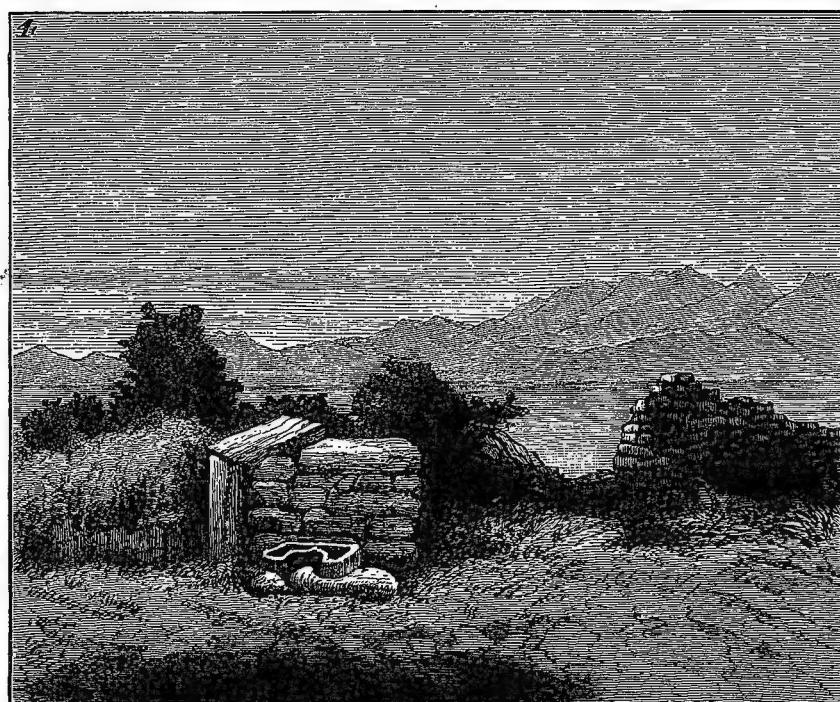
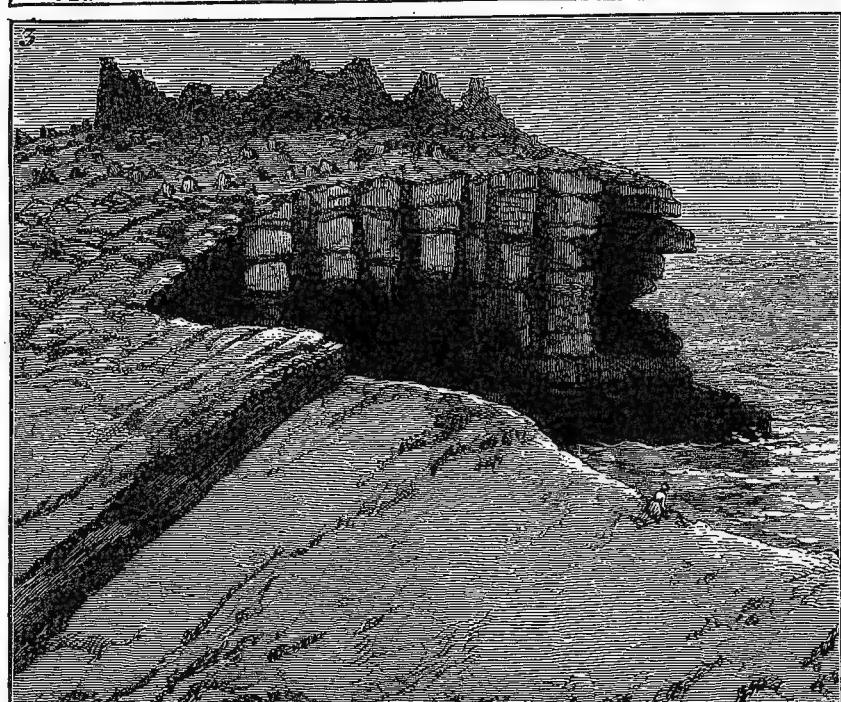
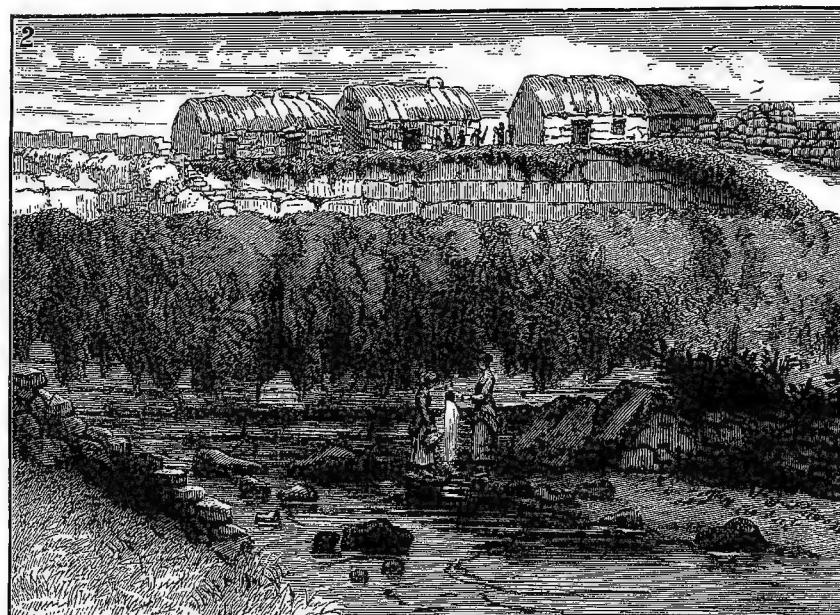
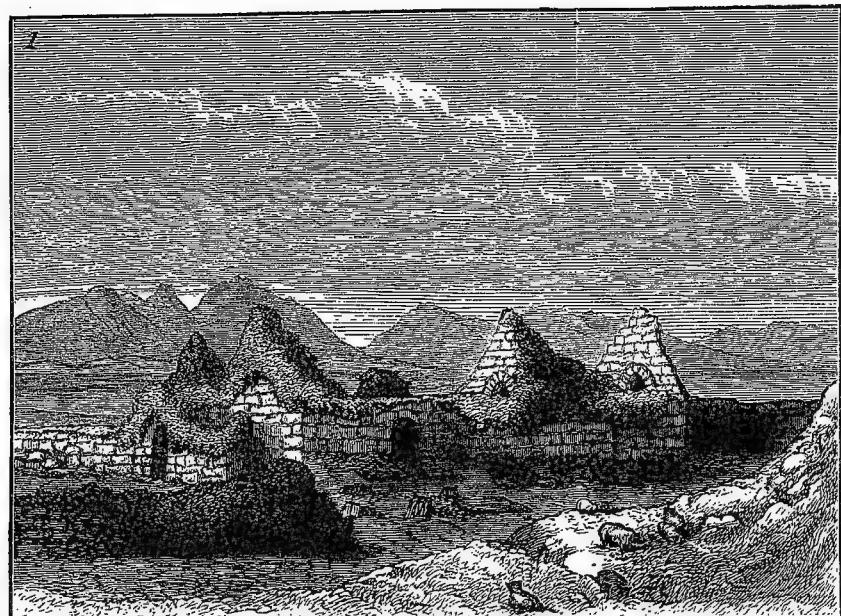
BADEN-BADEN—MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCESS HOHENLOHE LANGENBURG,  
HER MAJESTY'S HALF-SISTER

Aranmore; there are the ruins of a chapel and adjoining cells or houses, and the "bed," or grave, is supposed to contain the remains of seven sisters of extraordinary personal beauty, who all devoted themselves to a life of religious seclusion. The view of Galway Bay from this spot is very fine, and in the distance are seen the "Twelve Pins" of Connemara.

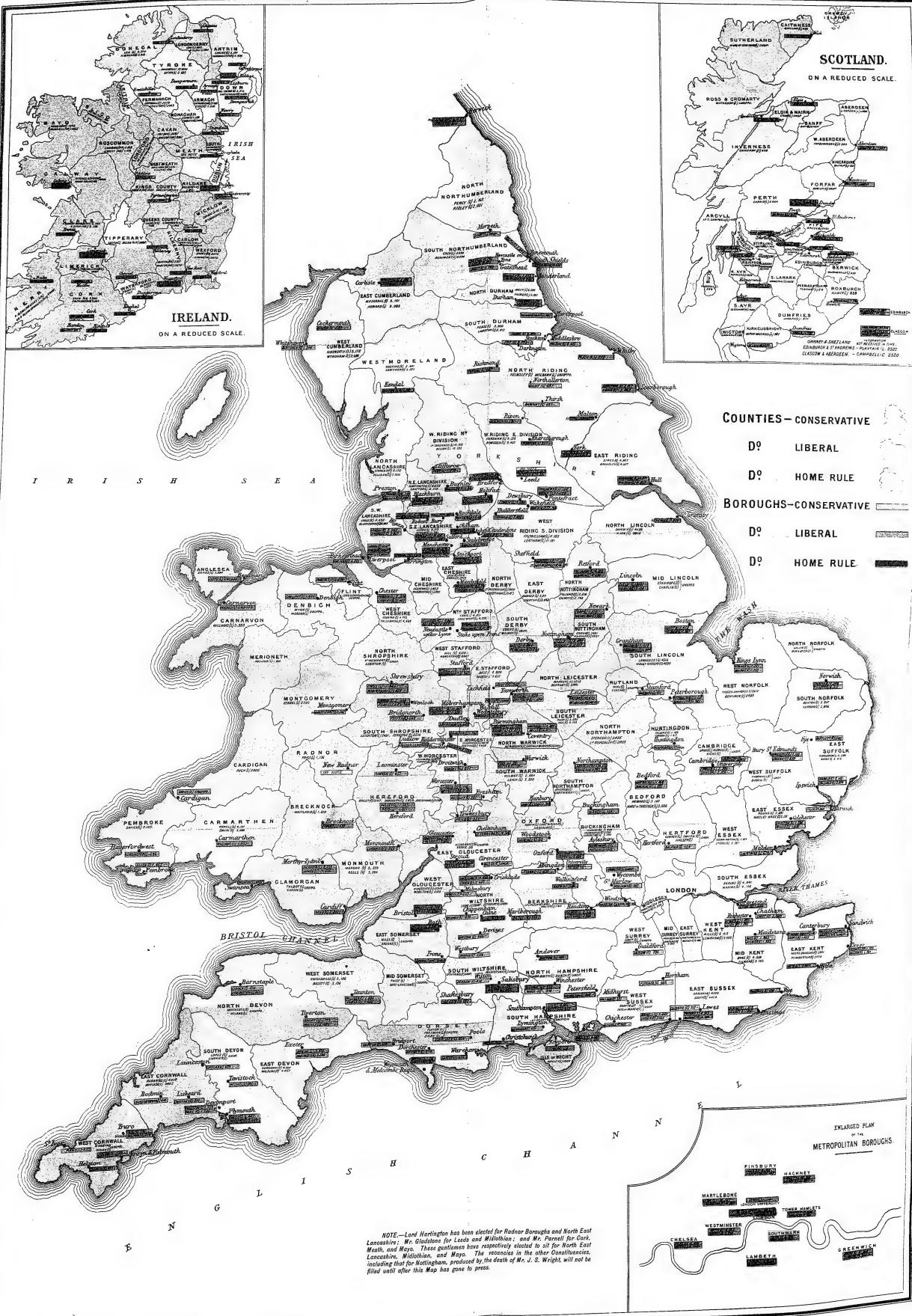
**A BABY ELEPHANT**

THE first well-authenticated case of a captive elephant taking upon herself the cares of maternity occurred on the 10th of March last, at a circus at Philadelphia, U.S.A., and the "interesting event" appears to have had an extraordinary effect upon the mother and her stable companions. The other elephants showed their excitement by bellowing loudly and performing the most grotesque antics, whilst the mother herself became positively frantic. She broke the chain by which she was tethered, and, seizing her infant with her trunk, dashed it violently across the stable a distance of about twenty yards, and then rushed about, breaking everything which she found in her way. She was, however, ultimately secured by the keepers, and soon recovered her equanimity.

The baby elephant, apparently none the worse for its rough treatment, is now doing well, and the mother is very affectionate towards it. She is very suspicious of strangers, and when any one, except her keeper, approaches, she raises a peculiar cry, to which all the other elephants respond with great excitement. The young elephant, a female, is a queer-looking creature, 35 inches in height, 4 feet in girth round the body, and weighs 213 pounds. The mother is twenty years old, and weighs 8,000 pounds. She was taken to America from Ceylon in 1865, and is named "Hebe." The father, "Mandrie," who is three years older than his mate, was imported at the same time. It is interesting to note that the baby elephant does not suck with its trunk, as some modern naturalists have supposed, but with its mouth, as ancient writers appear to have thought. At first the parent animal would not stand still, and Baby was fed by the keepers milking into a funnel attached to a rubber tube, the end of which was placed in Baby's mouth. Soon, however, it took its sustenance in a more natural manner, throwing back its trunk, and applying its mouth to its mother's breast.

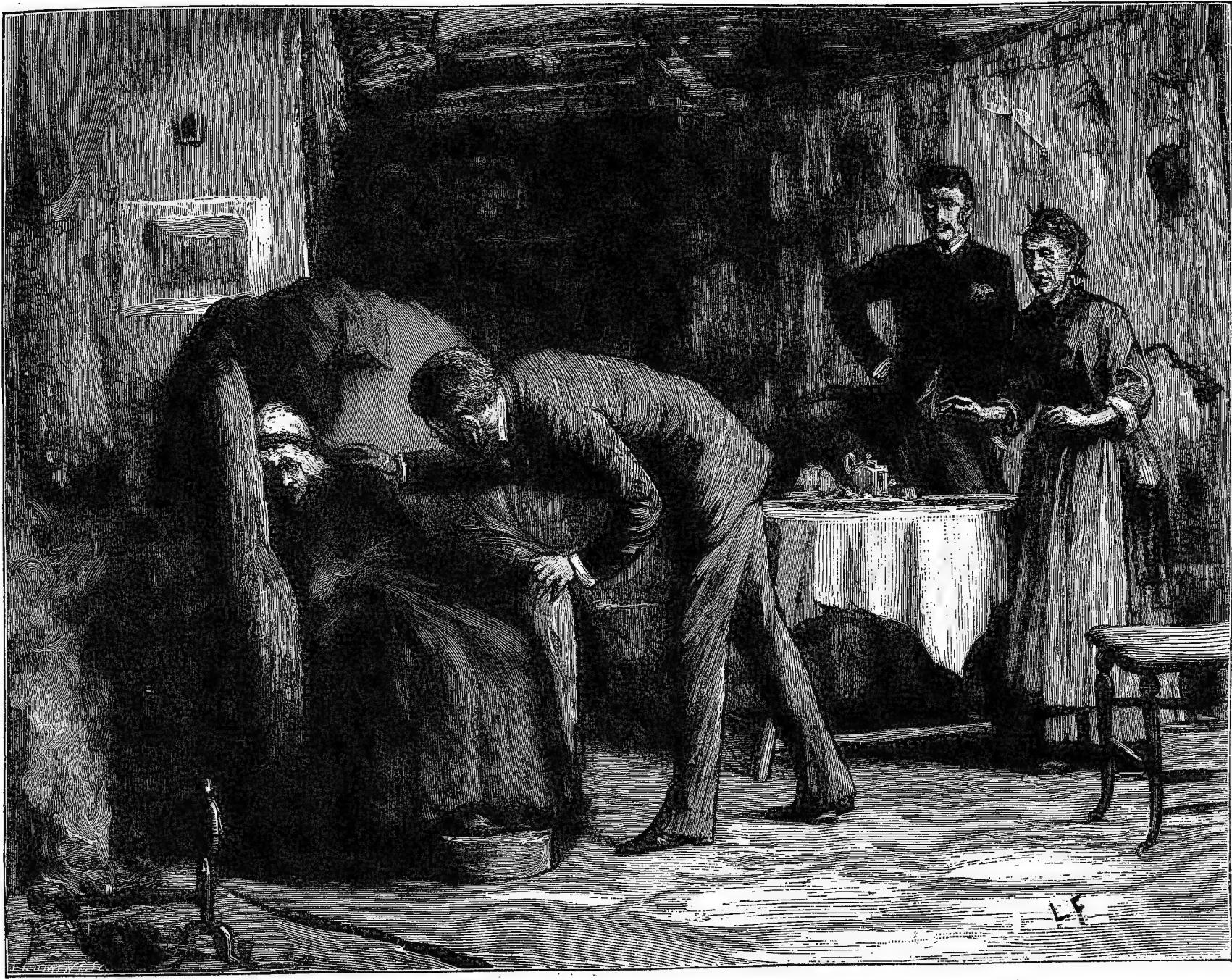


1. Ruins of St. Breccan, One of the Seven Churches of Aranmore.—2. Ballintemple, or West Village, Inishmaan.—3. Dun Caher, Aran.—4. "Bed" of the Seven Comely Saints, Aran.



# "THE GRAPHIC" PARLIAMENTARY MAP.

SHOWING MEMBERS RETURNED FOR COUNTIES AND BOROUGHS, THEIR POLITICAL PARTY, AND THE NUMBER OF VOTES POLLED FOR EACH.



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

"What makes you say that, Lois?" cried Lancelot, rising quickly and bending over the old woman's chair.

## LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

*Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.*

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE "DARK-FOLK"

TRUE to his promise, Lancelot took his guest for a long day's tramp across the moor—a long day's tramp meaning a circuit of some twenty miles or so over a bleak, sandy plateau, all furze and heather, with out-croppings of limestone rock on the higher levels. It was a day such as we get frequently in October, but rarely in mid-November. A brisk north-east wind was blowing. The sky overhead was full of light; and there was a pleasant scent as of freshly-turned turf upon the air.

The moor was wonderfully open, and lonely, and high; intersected, apparently, by one tolerably good road, from which a rough cart-track diverged occasionally to right or left. A ruined shed, a bit of stone fence, a cultivated patch here and there, a puff of blue smoke in a sheltered hollow far away, were for miles the only visible signs of human habitation.

Now and then they met a sand-carrier trudging beside his laden ass; or an old man stooping under a bundle of cut furze; or a horde of shy little flaxen-poll'd savages beating the bushes in quest of a few late blackberries; but sometimes they went for two or three miles without encountering a soul.

More than once, a covey of partridges rose whirring from the heather almost beneath their feet; and once they saw a hawk circling high against the keen blue overhead.

Once, too, they turned aside at a little farm, crossed a fallow field, and came to a bit of marsh-meadow, in one corner of which a tiny spring bubbled up through the lush grass and slipped away unseen in a channel of its own making. This was the source of the Trent.

At length, mounting continually into a more and more barren region, they came to a group of fantastic rocks ranged in single file along the summit of a solitary ridge.

"These," said Lancelot, "are the 'Wicking Stones'; the Alpine peaks of our North-country Oberland."

"Wicking?" repeated Cochrane.

"Ay—that's one of our old words—'wicking' being supposed to come from the Anglo-Saxon 'cwic,' or 'quick,' meaning the living, or uncut rock. One hears plenty of these queer, primitive words here on the moor. But you must do a bit of mountaineering now, and survey the country."

They leaped a fence and made for the rocks, each of which had its rude local name—the Castle Stone, the Hog's Back, the Mitre Stone, and so on. The Mitre Stone—a peaked and cloven mass lifted high upon a rugged base in which the popular fancy detected some vague resemblance to a grotesque face—was the highest of the

group. In a few moments the friends were comfortably seated between the peaks of the Mitre Stone, enjoying the rest they had so fairly earned.

A more wild and solitary eyrie it would have been hard to find south of the Scottish border. The moor was all around them—one undulating sea of hill and hollow, here green with gorse, there reddened with fast-withering bracken; breaking yonder into crests of barren rock; dipping farther away into less sterile levels; and melting at last into a blue horizon.

On the one side, a brooding cloud of very distant smoke marked the site of the great pottery district; on the other were visible the massed tree-tops of Brackenbury Park; while to the north-east, pale and ghost-like, as though outlined upon the transparent air, towered one solitary peak—the Peak of Derbyshire, more than forty miles away. Sign or sound of human toil up here there was none. A forlorn-looking goat was cropping the scant herbage round about the Wicking Stones, and a few sheep were scattered over a bare hill-side about half-a-mile away; but these were the only living things in sight. No moving figure quickened the waste; no rumble of wheels, no ploughboy's whistle, no homely farm-house sounds stirred the wide silence.

Enjoying the rest, the solitude, the far-stretching landscape, Lancelot and his friend demolished with disproportionate appetite some biscuits and a flask of sherry with which Church, the butler, had provided them on starting.

"And now," said Cochrane, when they had arrived at the end of this unsubstantial entertainment, "what about these good folks whom we have come so high to see? Where do they live and have their being?"

"Well, they live here," replied Lancelot, drily.

"The deuce they do! Are they cave-dwellers—earth-burrowers—gnomes?"

"Gnomes, undoubtedly. You see that hollow where there are some bushes and a fence?"

"Yes."

"And behind the bushes, a thatched roof?"

"I see the thatch. I took it for the top of a haystack."

"That is the roof which shelters your venerable friend, Mr. Isaac Plant. Near it, but lower down, are two or three more cottages. You can't see them from here. And over yonder, at the other side of that long hill, there is a whole colony of dark folk. We can go on there by and by, if you like; but I think when you have paid your respects to those close at hand, your ethnological curiosity will be sufficiently gratified. They are charming people; but a little of them goes a long way."

"Do they preserve any tradition of their origin? Have they

any peculiar manners and customs? May one question them freely?"

Lancelot laughed heartily.

"Manners!" he said. "My dear fellow, they have no manners; and as for their customs, they are more honoured in the breach than the observance. You are going to be awfully disillusioned. Instead of characters out of 'The Talisman' or 'The Arabian Nights,' be prepared to see a brood of lawless settlers just a shade more respectable than gypsies. Perhaps, after all, they are gypsies whose forefathers happened to take root up here a few centuries back. Who knows? We have but a vague oral tradition to show for the Crusading part of the story."

"Oral tradition, handed down through many generations of an ancient family, is not to be despised," said Cochrane. "At all events, I am not disposed to give up my Saracens."

"Your Saracens, anyhow, indulge in a truly Oriental passion for colour," replied Lancelot. "You will notice how it breaks out in showy kerchiefs and cheap trinkets, and in the blues and reds with which they make their hovels gaudy."

They had clambered down by this time from their perch, and were sauntering towards the cottages, four of which—mere shanties plastered outside with mud—lay snugly hidden away at the bottom of a steep pitch under the lee of the hill. The young men stood for a moment on the brink of the bank above, looking down upon the weed-grown roofs; the patched and broken windows; the rags hung out to dry upon the bushes. On a rough bench outside the door of the nearest cottage, there sat an old man intently at work upon something which Lancelot's experienced eye at once recognised as a gin.

"There's an iniquitous old fox for you!" said he. "And that poultreer at Singleton swears he has never seen a feather of a Brackenbury pheasant!—Hang the curs, how they bark! I would have liked to come upon him unawares.—Why, Isaac, man, do you keep a pack of hounds here?"

Mr. Isaac Plant dexterously dropped the gin between his knees, kicked it under the bench as he rose to his feet, and hurried forward to meet his visitors.

"Eh, Muster Brack'n'bry, mind the gap, sir—them stoanes is loose to tread on! Doon, Snap! Doon, Growler! How'd thy noise, or I'll fettle thee! Beggin' yer pardon, gentlemen both, but th' doant know no better."

"Are the poor brutes shut up in that Black Hole there?" asked Lancelot, pointing to a little boarded shed, with a padlocked door, built up against the end of the cottage. "How many of them?"

"Just three or four, Muster Brack'n'bry, an' th' owd bitch, an' the pups. Tho' be main snug in there, sir."

"As snug as herrings in a barrel, I should think. Where's Seth?"

"Seth's gone to Leek, sir, wi' a few bits o' hardware for sale." Then, turning to Cochrane, with a scrape and a bow:—"Coom to see th' pup, sir?"

He was a tall, sallow man, apparently between sixty and seventy, with lank grey hair, and quick furtive black eyes. Round his neck he wore a red woolen scarf, and in his hands he twirled and squeezed a shapeless velveteen cap.

Cochrane expressed his willingness to inspect the said pup; whereupon Plant unlocked the shed-door, plunged in his arm, and brought out a very small, fat, bewildered specimen of the genus bulldog.

"Woant you be pleased t' coom into th' house to look at un, honourable gentlemen both?" said he, anxiously. "Doant ee sit the doon there in the cowd, Muster Brack'n'bry, sir. I've a bit o' fire inside."

But Lancelot had purposely seated himself on the bench just over the gin, and declined to move. The pup, meanwhile, being deposited on the ground, was sprawling and blinking with the helpless gravity incidental to its age and position.

"A's a prime little pup a-saver," said the rat-catcher, admiringly. "A's the primest little pup as ever I seed or bred—muzzles as black's a cwoal.<sup>2</sup> A' cooms on a good stock, sir. T'owd bitch's the shurtiest<sup>3</sup> beast as iver went on fower legs. A' sticks at nothin', that bitch. Ud as lief tackle a boggart<sup>4</sup> as a Christian."

To Mr. Horace Cochrane, of the Wax and Wafer Department, this North Country tongue was about as intelligible as a Central African dialect. Dimly apprehending, however, that the praises of the pup were being sung, he muttered a vague assent. That interesting animal, meanwhile, was meandering moonily in the direction of the shed.

"A's a bit gloppened,<sup>5</sup> ye see, sir," said Isaac apologetically.

Cochrane cast an imploring glance at his friend.

"Arabic, upon my honour—Arabic of the purest water," said Brackenbury, answering the mute appeal.

"How much do you want for him?" asked Cochrane, desperately.

Old Isaac picked up the pup; balanced it in the palm of his hand as if it were a tennis ball; opened its mouth; pinched its tail; turned it this way and that; and finally put it on its legs again.

"Ull be worth a matter o' twenty pun' agin's two year owd," said he.

"Then you would do better to keep it."

"Mayhappen I woan't live two year, sir. I'm an owd man, d'y'e see!"

"Which, being translated, means that the pup hasn't had the distemper," laughed Lancelot. "Come, Isaac, you musn't be too clever."

"Eh, Muster Brack'n'bry, sir; but pups is a nesh<sup>6</sup> sort o' beases,<sup>7</sup> and I'd liefer get shut on 'un as sune as mebbe.<sup>8</sup> Thot's but reason."

Lancelot, meanwhile, to Mr. Plant's evident uneasiness, had picked up a file that lay at the end of the bench, and was (absently, as it seemed) trying it upon a piece of old iron hooping. All at once he stooped and pulled out the gin.

"So this is what you were after just now?" said he; "sharpening the teeth of this infernal machine—which, I see, is of home manufacture."

"Sel'me, Muster Brack'n'bry, the gin's not mine, sir! 'Twas my lad Seth, sir, picked un oop i' the clough, and brought un whoam. I'm an honest man, sir, an' rat-catchin's my trade, an' I niver set a gin in my loife sin' I war a boy an' knowed no better; an' I wish I mun drop down dead if that's not the blessed truth I'm tellin' you!"

Lancelot looked at him, sternly incredulous.

"Now look you here, Isaac," he said, smashing in the gin with his heel; "if there's a base thing in this world which I despise more than all other base things, it's a lie! And if there's a cowardly thing I hate above all other cowardly things, it's cruelty to dumb creatures. If you took your gun, and went out and shot my birds like a man, I might be angry; but I wouldn't be hard upon you. But that you should trap them in a hellish thing that breaks their legs and holds them alive for hours, and that you should seek to shield yourself behind a lie—this is what I cannot forgive. There!—don't open your lips, or I may be tempted to say that you shall turn out to-morrow, and never set foot on these moors again—and if once I say it, by Heaven! you'll find I mean it."

Then, turning to his friend, "Come, Cochrane," he said; "you won't care to deal with this chap, I know; and time's going."

They left the rat-catcher standing stock still, his lips pressed hard together, his bony fingers nervously twisting and crushing his cap. Seeing them stop at the next cottage, he clapped the cap on his head; flung the pup roughly back into the shed; picked up the broken gin; and, muttering to himself, shambled into his house and bolted the door.

In the next cottage, which stood alone at a distance of some thirty or forty yards, there lived a family named Stanway, represented on the present occasion by an unwashed baby, sprawling and crying on the threshold, a middle-aged woman boiling a pot over some sticks on the hearth, and two slatternly girls, one of whom was making pillow-lace, and the other sitting idle, with her elbow on the table. The men of the family, consisting of a father and three sons, were out.

"Gone t' Mow-Cop arter sand," explained the mother, civilly dusting a chair for "th' master."

She was a decent-mannered, untidy body; but the girls were sullen and uncouth, and never stirred till roughly bidden to "adoon<sup>9</sup> sitten thar afore th' gentlefolk, an' stay th' babby a-shrookin'!"

The young men stayed here but a few minutes—just long enough for Cochrane to note the black hair and eyes and dusky skins of the inmates. The girls were in rags, and looked as if their faces had been left unwashed and their hair uncombed for a week; yet each wore a string of coloured beads around her tawny throat. The house was just as smart and as squalid. The floor, the windows, the furniture, were grimed with dirt; but the walls, which had been freshly gone over with some sort of blued whitewash, and the inside of the door and the window frames, which had been painted bright red, were hideously gaudy.

The two last cottages adjoined each other, being placed at a somewhat lower level, and fenced in by a broken paling.

"No one at home here, I suppose," said Brackenbury; having knocked at the first door, and received no answer. Whereupon a grizzled head, tied up in a staring red and yellow cotton handkerchief, was thrust out of a window in the next house, and a shrill voice replied:—

"Tho' be all gone t' Leek horse-fair, an' wunno' be back afoie boggin'-time;<sup>10</sup> but if . . . Eh, to be sure, 'tis Muster Brack'n'bry!"

"Gone to Leek, are they? Well, you're at home, Rachel, at all events; and we were coming to see you next. How's the grandmother?"

She had hurried from the window to the door, and now stood curtsying on the threshold—a thin, wiry old woman, with keen

(1) "A-saver"—exceedingly. (2) "Cwoal"—coal. (3) "Shurliest"—most quarrelsome. (4) "Boggart"—a ghost or bogey. (5) "Gloppened"—scared. (6) "Nesh"—tender. (7) "Beases"—beasts; generally applied to oxen. (8) "Mebbe"—maybe. (9) "Adoon"—have done. (10) "Bagging time"—supper-time.

black eyes, and a pleasant smile, and a look of some intelligence and alertness.

"Gradely,<sup>1</sup> sir, gradely," she replied. "A bit frabbit<sup>2</sup> o' times; but that's nowt to speak on. Wun yo' be pleased to coom in?"

It was the smallest cottage of the four, but clean and tidy. The bricked floor was freshly sanded; the furniture was well rubbed; the plates on the dresser were scrupulously clean. A Dutch clock ticked in one corner; a cat lay curled up cosily in front of the fire; while in a big round wicker chair with capacious arms, there crouched in the chimney-corner, blinking, silent, sightless, and bent nearly double, a very aged woman wrapped in a comfortable plaid shawl.

"This is old Lois Bailey, of whom you have heard," said Lancelot. "She is supposed to be more than a hundred; but our parish registers, which were never too well kept, took no account of the 'moor-folk' till the beginning of this present century. She was an old woman, at all events, when my grandfather was a boy."

"I'm going on for three-score and ten myself," said her granddaughter, "an' she war reckoned an owd woman, nigh past child-bearin', when my mother was born. Eh, you mun hollo to 'un, but she wunno' take no notice."

"She's more deaf than when I was here last," said Lancelot; having shouted in her ear without eliciting a glimmer of recognition.

"Deed, then, I'm none so sure she be deaf at a', Muster Brack'n'bry."

"But, my good Rachel, she must be deaf, or she would take some notice when spoken to."

The woman shook her head.

"She'll hear a whisper sometimes as well nor I do; an' allus when yer least lookin' for un to be listnen.' She be so ow'd, sir, an' so far away loike," she added, with a touch of unconscious poetry, "that I've thowt mony times as how our voices doant allus reach to un."

"She must have been born in the reign of George the Second," said Cochrane; "in which case, her great-grandmother might have been a contemporary of Richard the Third. It reminds one of Walpole's anecdote of the old Countess of Desmond!"

"She hain't gotten no cares," continued the grand-daughter, "an' she sleeps o' nights as peaceful as a baby. 'Tis nobbut<sup>3</sup> babbies' food she eats, neither—a drop o' broth an' sop, or a mug o' boother-milk ploonger<sup>4</sup> night an' mornin'."

"That's poor food for a woman of her years," said Lancelot. "I'll send you over some arrowroot, and a little wine and brandy."

"Thankee kindly, Muster Brack'n'bry—that we've still a drop left o' the last; an' a power o' good it doon her. Mon I be so boud as to ax if you've happened o' no news o' my lord?"

Lancelot shook his head.

"Eh, then, I'm afear'd we'll never see un no more. 'Twar a dree<sup>5</sup> day that he went last beyond seas—a dree day for him, and for the poor young leddy that war his sweetheart!"

"It was a fatal day, Rachel," said Lancelot, in a low voice.

"He war a goodness," continued the woman, heedless of the pain her well-meant lamentations might awaken. "Ud nowt a spark o' pride about un. Ud sit un doon in a poor mon's cottage, an' listen to's troubles, an' talk to th' chither<sup>6</sup> loike one of our own selves. I well mind the day I last saw un—a bitter snowy day it war, too, an' nigh to gloaming; an' I war strainin' oop the pitch yonder wi' a big paiful o' wayter,<sup>7</sup> when my lord cam' oop behind 'Here, Rachel,' says he, 'gie me th' pail—I'm better able to carry un nor you are!' An' a' whipped un' oop light as a feather, an' carried un to th' house door. Eh, then, I little thowt I'd never see un again!"

"That was four years ago, Rachel,—nearly five," said Lancelot (he had heard this anecdote every time he came to the cottage in the course of those years); "and I have given up hope at last."

"Deed, then, hope's hard eno'<sup>8</sup> to git up when for the corpse lies cowl afore one's eyes," said Rachel; "but it's harder when ther's nowt but sorrow an' waitin' to show for it. An', Muster Brack'n'bry, yo' not one to tak' comfort in dead mon's shoes."

"He's no dead," said a voice that made them all start; a voice weak and quavering, but curiously distinct.

"What makes you say that, Lois?" cried Lancelot, rising quickly and bending over the old woman's chair. "Why do you say that? Do you think my brother lives?"

She had all this time been, not only motionless, but apparently unconscious, just breathing feebly, as in a placid sleep; but now, although her chin was still sunk on her breast, her hands were moving vaguely, like the hands of a blind person; and she was rocking her body feebly to and fro.

"He's no dead," she repeated twice or thrice.

"You remember me, Lois?" said the young man eagerly. "I'm Lancelot—Master Lancelot, you used to call me, years ago, when we first came to Brackenbury. Cuthbert was a young man then, and I was a boy. You were always fond of Cuthbert, you know. Poor Cuthbert!—he's been four years lost, and we've given him up for dead."

"I'd ha' seen his corpse in my dreams 'gin he war dead," quavered the old woman. "I seed 'em a'—fathers an' sons, generation arter generation. He's no dead, I tell 'ee—he's no dead!"

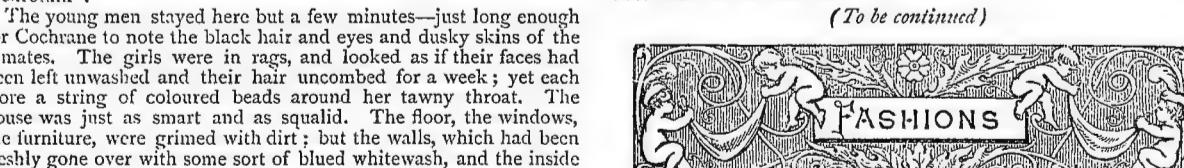
"God grant it, Lois! But do you dream only of the dead? Do you never dream of the living?"

Her hands dropped on her knees, and she seemed to lapse suddenly back into the old torpor.

"Lois! Lois! Listen to me—have you dreamed of him living? Have you dreamed of him? Have you seen him? Answer me, Lois!"

"It ain't o' no good axin' her, Muster Brack'n'bry," interposed the granddaughter anxiously. "She's far away now, an' may happen she 'ont speak again for weeks. The sound o' yer voice in her ear does nowt but mither<sup>9</sup> her."

(To be continued)



THERE will be a heavy demand upon the purses, even of our most economical readers, this month; therefore it behoves those who would keep out of debt to choose wisely and well the costumes needful for morning, noon, and night, and not to be led away by the numerous novelties offered to them, startling as they may be. Never was greater latitude allowed in the matter of dress than at the present season, and never were more pitfalls and snares laid for the unwary. It is all very well to invest in a bandana handkerchief costume, or any other ugly eccentricity, if only to be worn a few times and then thrown aside; but when four or five morning dresses must suffice for the summer wear, it is a great mistake to select anything that is glaring or conspicuous. For example, a young friend of ours, recently returned from Paris, brought with her two startling costumes upon which she had expended a good share of her spring allowance for dress; one was of Japanese, the other of Chinese design, for both of which there is a passing craze in Paris. The Japanese was made of *mousseline de laine*, otter-brown sound-

(1) "A-saver"—exceedingly. (2) "Cwoal"—coal. (3) "Shurliest"—most quarrelsome. (4) "Boggart"—a ghost or bogey. (5) "Gloppened"—scared. (6) "Nesh"—tender. (7) "Beases"—beasts; generally applied to oxen. (8) "Mebbe"—maybe. (9) "Adoon"—have done. (10) "Bagging time"—supper-time.

tion, on which were thickly scattered tiny plates in every variety of shade and tint. The Chinese was of stone-coloured linen, trimmed with broad bands of crimson Indian cotton, on which were embroidered dragons of fantastic form in black and white silk. The wearer, who is short and plump, looked almost grotesque in these eccentric costumes, and was very soon known as "the girl in plates" amongst her fellow-students at an Art school where she is studying. Some of the materials and designs for morning costumes are very pretty, and there is a variety to suit all styles and figures. The French Pompadour sateens are very elegant in design, and most appropriate for the morning promenade in the Park or Kensington Gardens; at the same time they are inexpensive. Three pretty costumes for a young girl were recently shown to us, all made by herself, at a very moderate cost, which enabled her to indulge in a stylish dress for afternoon visiting, and one for evening wear, made by a good dressmaker. The three morning dresses were, the one a petticoat of cream-coloured sateen, with three graduated flounces, scalloped at the edge with coffee-coloured *flossette*, put on quite flat. Upper dress of coffee brown, highly glazed sateen with stripes of pale blue, upon which are small white daisies, and white stripes on which are blue bells; suspended from the waistband by a pink and blue ribbon is a pouch of cream colour sateen edged with lace, in the centre of which is a bunch of real lilies of the valley, white violets, or wall-flowers. Capote of cream and chocolate sateen, with a bouquet of flowers to match the dress. The second was—petticoat, with organ-pipe pleatings above the knee, of lilac sateen, overdress of the same material and colour, two shades darker, with sprays of white lilac scattered over it. Leghorn hat lined with lilac sateen, and trimmed with white and coloured lilac. The third was of dove-coloured *mousseline de laine* petticoat, with seven very narrow flounces, upper dress of the same material, black ground, with a narrow pattern of tiny moss roses, black straw hat, trimmed with roses, scarf mantle to match. White sateen, muslinette, and other washing materials will be much worn as the season advances. The leading materials for morning wear this spring are: oatmeal cloth, Pompadour sateens, foulards, percales, Nankin, Pekin, and sunmer serge; it is well for every one who braves all weathers to have a complete costume of the last-named material in dark blue or black for chilly and wet days, which may be looked for this month. Besides these there are more than a dozen of varieties in cashmere, under different names. Our readers who live some distance from London or any other important town should send for patterns of the new woollen and cotton fabrics.

A word of caution to lawn tennis players, for whom many of our contemporary fashion writers recommend stockingette Jerseys. There is no game which requires more active exertion than the above; of course, a dress fitting too tight is bad, but unless the elastic jacket be of the very best quality, it stretches into ugly folds and wrinkles which can never be pulled into place again, and one day's hard work will spoil even the most costly Jersey worn by the slightest figure. A style which allows free play for the arms is of our own design, made thus: Plastron of gathered silk from the throat to within two inches of the ground, dress of fine flannel made semi-fitting, like a *sacque*, with elbow sleeves and ruffles, toque hat to match. Should the wearer belong to a club, the distinctive colour, with white, may be worn, the badge or arms embroidered on the left sleeve, and the pocket-handkerchief bag, which must be fixed at the left side of the skirt. A pocket for the balls may be arranged on the front of the dress, or two small ones on either side, concealed by the semi-full skirt. The stronger and stiffer the material for the dress the better, hence brocaded silks, ancient, or of antique design, are the most appropriate for this purpose.

For demi-toilets the fan-shaped pleatings are much worn, made thus: The front breadth is arranged as a fan, gathered a few inches below the waist very closely, about a quarter of a yard, and again in the same manner below the knee; the fan is edged with fringe or lace, and beneath it are two or three narrow pleated flounces edged with fringe or lace.

A very elegant dress of this description was recently worn by an American lady at an artistic *soirée*. The fan-shaped *tablier* was of silver grey satin, edged with pearl embroidered lace, the upper dress was of very dark claret-coloured satin, low and square in the front, laced with rich silver cord across a grey satin vest. The back was half high, with a stiff ruff of pearl embroidered lace; large hanging sleeves of claret satin, lined with grey, and trimmed with pearl lace. This costume may be made in any two contrasting mixtures.

To those of our readers who are about to attend the coming Drawing Rooms we can only repeat what we have often said before, do not attempt to make your dresses at home or entrust them to a second-rate *modiste*; there were some feeble attempts at artistic independence which proved utter failures at the March Drawing Rooms. Nothing looks more elegant than hand embroidery upon a well cut and arranged train or *tablier*; delicate painting has an equally good, if not better effect; we were shown a presentation dress and train which was a perfect work of art, the dress was of moonlight blue satin, the *tablier* painted in fancy grass and spring flowers of every description, the train of white stamped velvet painted with a deep border of flowers.

For dinner and ball dresses matrons wear everything that is rich and costly, as far as their means will allow, and, alas, very often far beyond that prudent limit. It would be a waste of time and space to enumerate the costly materials now in vogue; at the same time we can assure anxious wives and mothers that there are many very excellent and even rich fabrics which will come within the limits of moderate incomes. Young girls will be glad to learn that Indian muslin is the fashion for the Opera, and all evening entertainments excepting full-dress balls, draped over silk or satin, trimmed according to fancy with lace or ribbon, artificial or real blossoms; this fabric always looks soft and graceful.

As to bonnets and hats, all we can say is that they are divided into two sorts, very small and very large, a tiny face too often peeps out from under a Marlborough hat, with five or more feathers, and copious silk trimmings, whilst a full face is surmounted by a small toque hat; the medium style is adopted by all sensible people. Sunshades are very elaborate, and must accord with the rest of the toilette, flamingo red are fashionable, but doctors say they are ruinous to the eyesight, hence all wise folks will avoid them. Industriously disposed young people can buy two or more sunshades at a moderate price, say one of cream-colour, another black, and a third white, and embroider the one in panels of flower-sprays according to the colour which they have adopted for the season, the second with a wreath of variegated leaves, and the third may be painted with birds and butterflies, very sparingly and delicately, and edged with lace.

THE WINTER IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS appears to have been very mild this year, to judge from reports from the Aleutian Islands and Behring's Sea, while a priest who has lived at Ounalaska for thirty years states that he never remembers such fine weather, the thermometer having only once reached 19 deg. below zero. In contrast with this high temperature far north, it is notable that along the Pacific Coast of America this has been one of the coldest winters on record. Water has frozen at 600ft. below the surface in mines which are usually intolerably hot, water pipes have burst in private houses warmed with immense fires,

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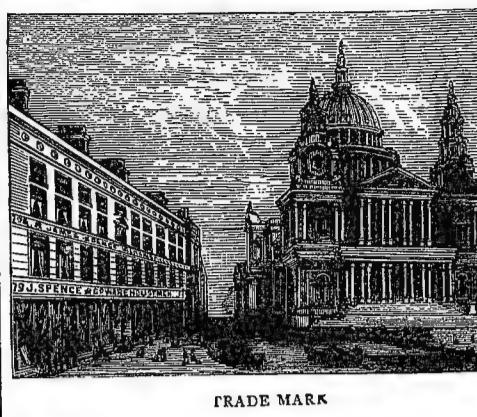
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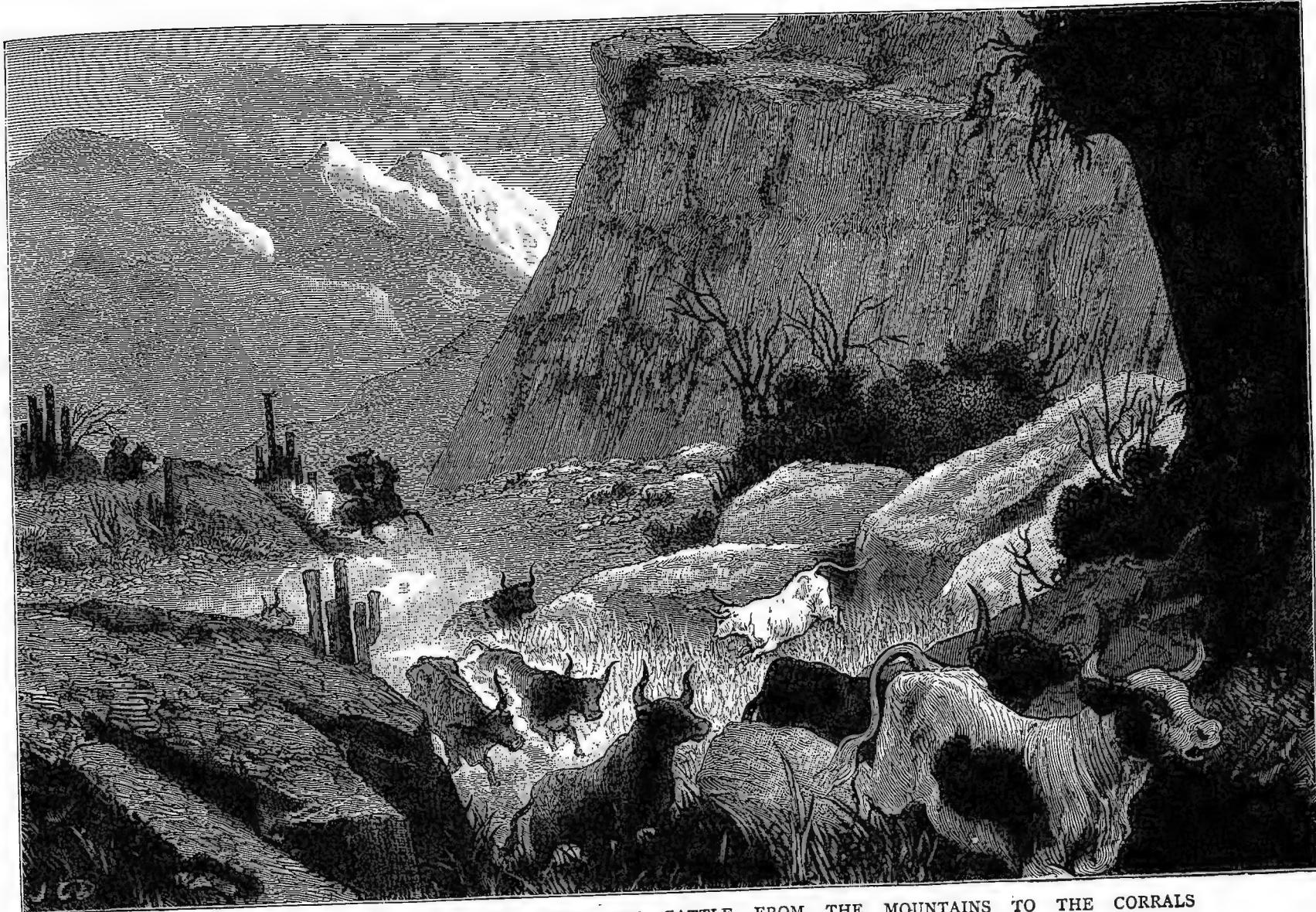
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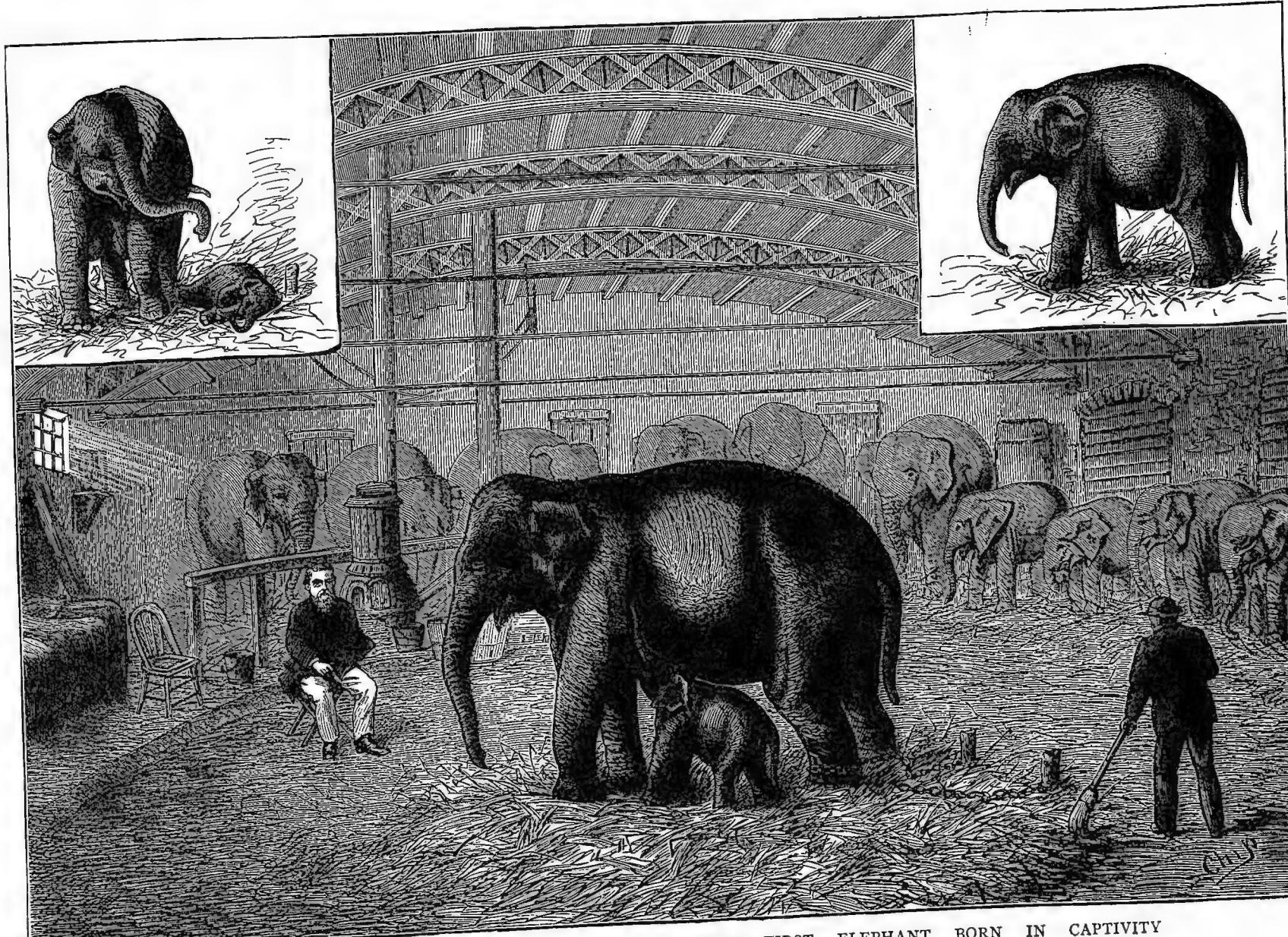
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**DOMICILE AND DIVORCE.** — Mrs. Farnie's petition for a decree of nullity of marriage has failed, because the Court holds that her husband, being a domiciled Scotchman both at the time of his marriage with and divorce from his first wife, was, by the action of the Scotch Courts, left free to contract an English marriage. It is however announced that the lady intends to appeal from this decision.

**SIR WILLIAM CALL, BART.** has been bound over by the Marylebone Police Magistrate to keep the peace towards Mr.

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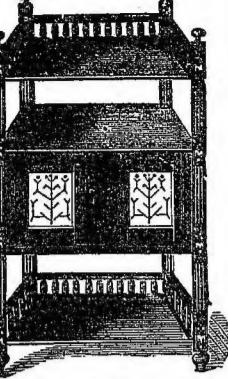
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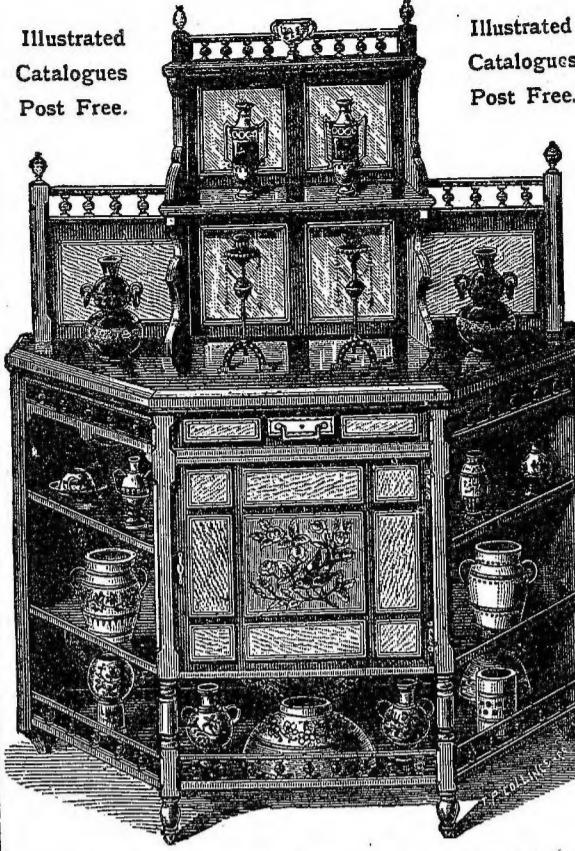
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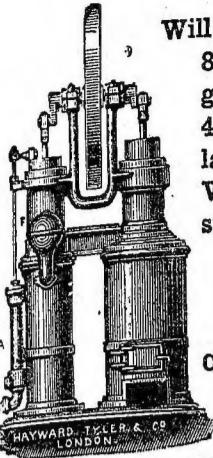
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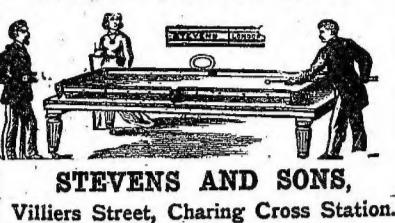
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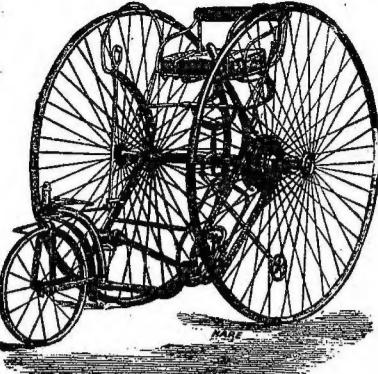
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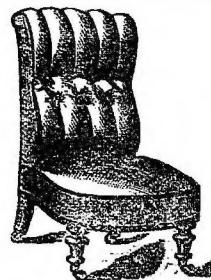
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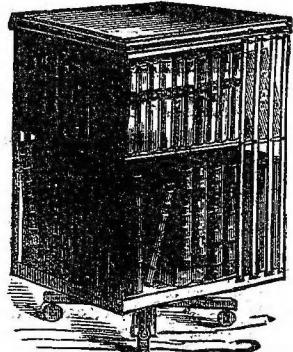
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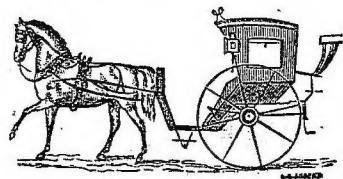
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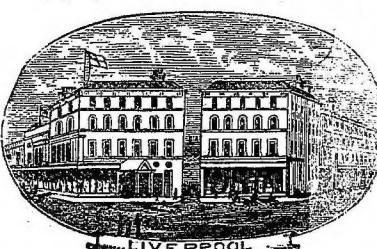
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